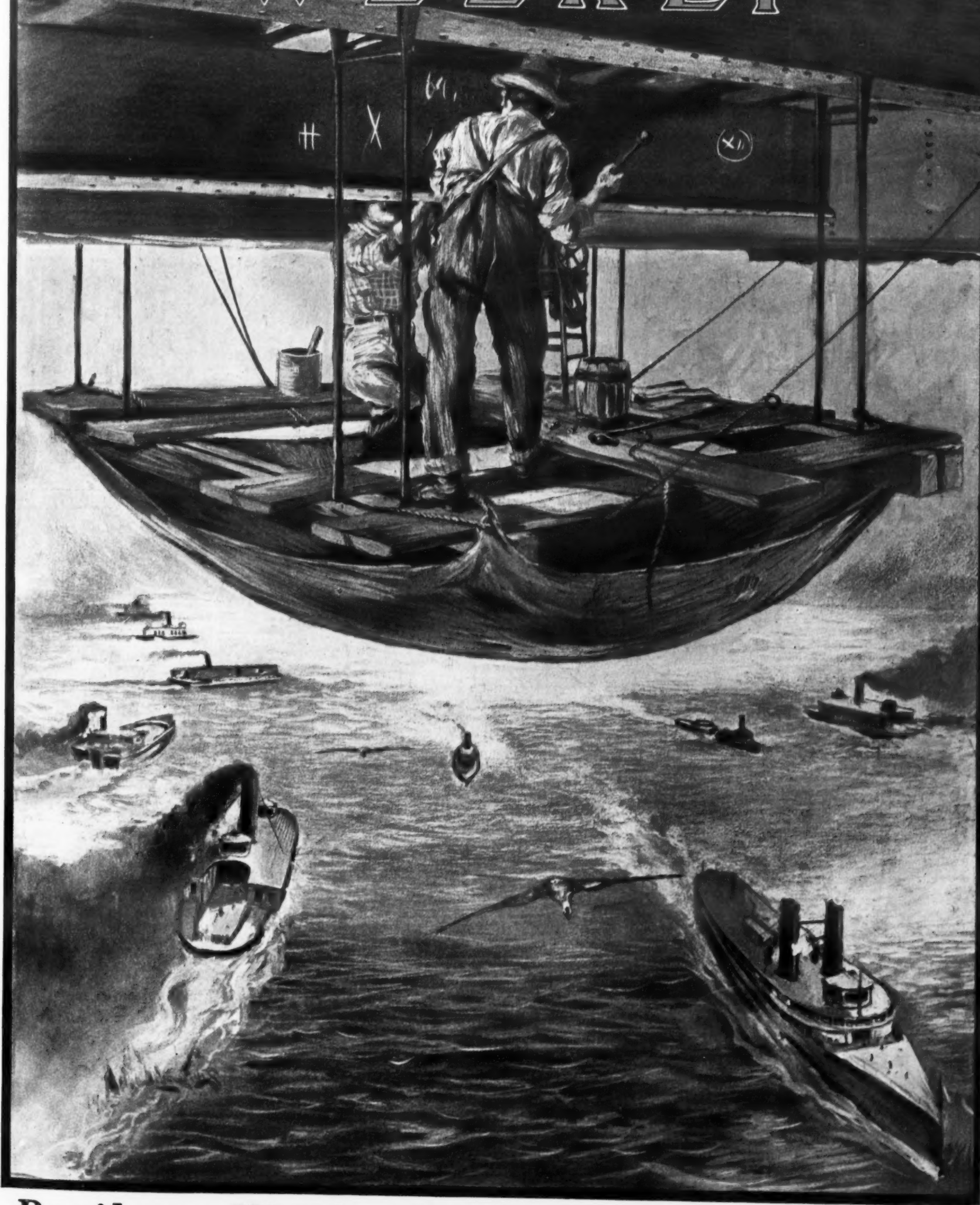


Midd Club

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



Perilous Work of Steel-bridge Builders

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by A. Lewis

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The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish; the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you visit this region once, you will go there again. An answer to almost any question in regard to the Adirondacks will be found in No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them"; issued by the

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LESLIE'S

WEEKLY

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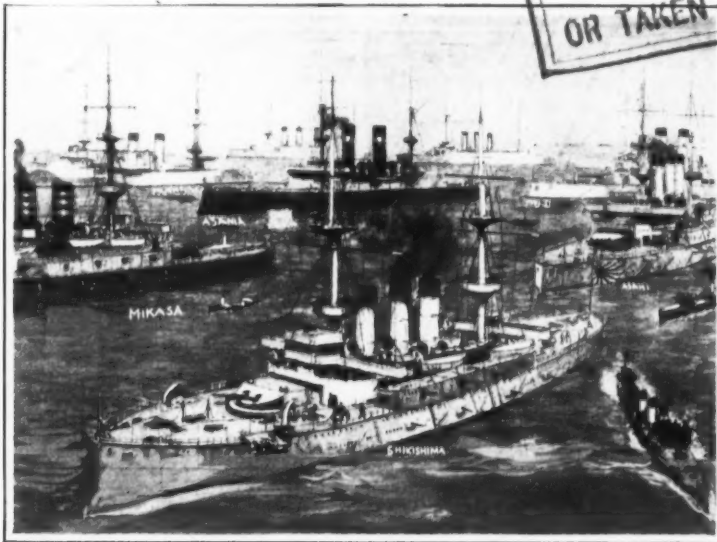
Vol. C. No. 2596

New York, June 8, 1905

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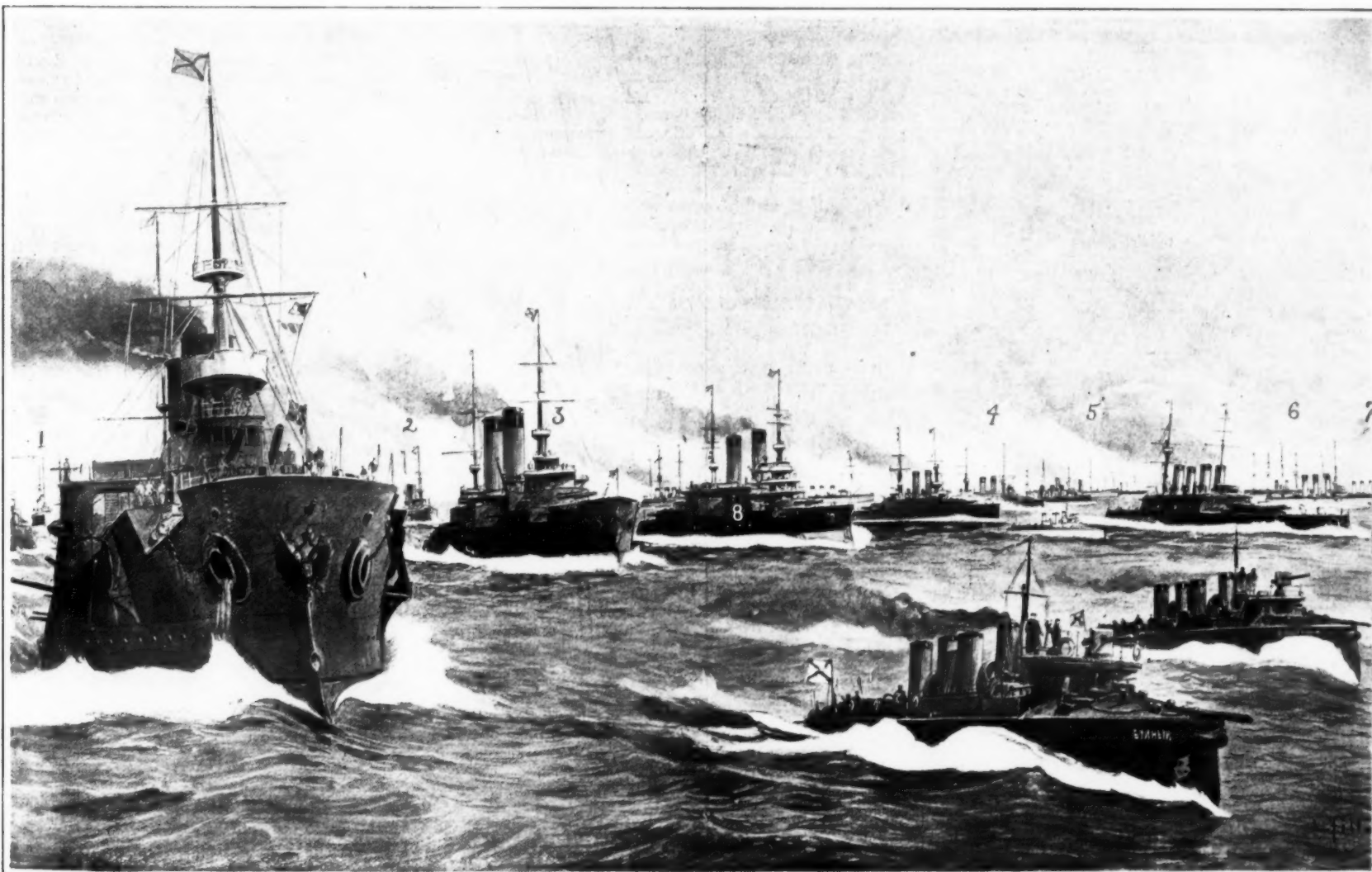
VICE-ADMIRAL TOGO, "THE NELSON OF JAPAN," WHO COMMANDED THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE FLEET IN THE LATE FIERCE SEA-FIGHT.



LEADING VESSELS IN THE JAPANESE FLEET WHICH WON THE GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE OF MODERN TIMES: BATTLE-SHIPS "MIKASA" (TOGO'S FLAG-SHIP), "SHIKISHIMA," "ASAHI," AND "FUJI"; CRUISERS "ASAMA" AND "TAKASAGO."



VICE-ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY, COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET WHICH MET WITH DISASTER IN THE CONFLICT WITH TOGO'S WAR-SHIPS.



ROJESTVENSKY'S ILL-FATED ARMADA WHICH WAS BEATEN BY TOGO'S SHIPS WITH FEARFUL LOSS—AMONG THE VESSELS SHOWN, THE FOLLOWING WERE SUNK: "JEMTCHUG" (1), PROTECTED CRUISER; "ADMIRAL NAKHIMOFF" (2) ARMORED CRUISER; "BORODINO" (3), BATTLE-SHIP; "ALEXANDER III." (4), BATTLE-SHIP; "KAMTCHATKA" (5), REPAIR-SHIP; "DMITRI DONSKOI" (6), ARMORED CRUISER; "SVIETLANA" (7), PROTECTED CRUISER. BATTLE-SHIP "KNIAS SOUVAROFF" (8), ROJESTVENSKY'S FLAG-SHIP, WAS ALSO SUNK.

RUSSIA'S BEST WAR-SHIPS AND HER LAST HOPE DESTROYED.

Commanders and vessels of the fleets which fought a desperate battle in the Straits of Korea, in which the Japanese under Togo defeated the Russians under Rojestvensky, with a loss to the latter of seventeen vessels sunk and five captured, many thousands of men killed and wounded and three thousand made prisoners, including Admirals Rojestvensky, Voelkersham, and Nebogatoff.

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THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Vol. C. No. 2596

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY should always be asked to pro-
duce credentials. This will prevent imposition.

Leslie's Weekly has no connection with "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly."

Thursday, June 8, 1905

Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

THE RELATIONS between the first and the second officers of the government at this time are particularly cordial. Commonly, as in the case of monarchs and their heirs to the throne, there is a divergence between the President and the Vice-President. The second officer is seldom consulted on anything by the head of the government. Throughout the whole of the second term of Mr. Cleveland, Vice-President Stevenson was a cipher. Hendricks, the second officer in Cleveland's first term, was saved from Stevenson's fate by dying early in the term. Van Buren, in Jackson's second term, was the first Vice-President who really could consider himself part of the administration. Jackson liked Van Buren, made him Vice-President as a notification to his rivals that he was thus placed in the line of succession, and then made him President.

Until recent times no other Vice-President ever was shown any especial favors by the President. Hobart held something of the same relations to McKinley that Van Buren did to Jackson. He was frequently called into Cabinet consultations. In the social functions of the capital he sometimes acted in McKinley's place. But the preferences of this sort which have been extended to Vice-President Fairbanks are altogether unexampled. When Roosevelt started out on his vacation he asked Fairbanks to represent him in addressing the International Railway Congress, which was about to assemble at Washington. At Roosevelt's request, Fairbanks, at a formal function at the White House, near the close of that congress, received its members and did them the honors just as if he himself was at the head of the nation. No such distinction as this was ever before conferred on the second officer of the government by the first officer. At Roosevelt's request, Fairbanks has just represented him at the opening of the Lewis and Clark fair. Here is an era of good feeling between President and Vice-President which sets an example that all future heads of the nation should follow. In some directions, at least, the government in recent times has improved over its forerunners.

Uncle Sam's Profitable Speculations.

IN THE Philippines, as in all its other land deals, the United States made a good bargain. The census of the Philippines, just published, shows that the forests in the islands, in which there are 747 varieties of woods, are worth about \$3,000,000,000, or double those of the States of Oregon and Washington, which are especially strong in that particular asset. Then there are great deposits of coal, iron, and lead, and there are many indications of gold and silver, all of which represent a wealth of several billions more. The Philippines cost us \$20,000,000, in the lump sum which we paid to Spain. Possibly the military and naval expenditures on account of the islands cost us \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000. But even if these figures were quadrupled we would still be gainers in that speculation, in a monetary sense.

The Louisiana region, extending from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and the Sabine River, cost us \$15,000,000, which we paid to France. We gave \$5,000,000 to Spain for Florida, which comprised not only the present State of that name, but the lower ends of Alabama and Mississippi and most of the eastern projection of Louisiana. Texas came to us without cost, and so did the Oregon country, comprising the present States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming. Through conquest and the payment of \$18,250,000 to Mexico we obtained the present States of California, Nevada, Utah, the Territory of Arizona—except below the Gila River—and parts of New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming. For the region south of the Gila we paid \$10,000,000 to Mexico. For Alaska we paid \$7,200,000 to Russia. The gold alone which we got from

Alaska in 1904, not counting the coal, fish, fur, lumber, or other things, amounted to over \$10,000,000. In its products Alaska has paid for itself thirty times over since we bought it.

The States and Territories in the contiguous part of the United States, for which we paid \$48,250,000, represent a wealth in tangible property to-day of about \$30,000,000,000. Uncle Sam has been by far the most extensive land speculator whom the world has seen, and he has likewise been the most successful. The Philippine deal will turn out to be a characteristically good investment in the financial sense.

Socialism in 1908.

IN COMMENTING on an article in LESLIE'S WEEKLY on "Presidential Possibilities for 1908," the *Troy Press* says "both the great parties are threatened with submergence in the augmenting pool of socialism in their own conventions in 1908," and adds that "the conservatives are about as likely to win in one party as in the other, with a hard struggle before them in either event." This view is held by many Democrats and by some Republicans. Let us see what sort of a judgment history enables us to form as to which party is the more likely to be swallowed up in the deluge of radicalism, which to-day takes the form of socialism.

Three great waves of radicalism in the Republican party's day swept over the country previous to the appearance of socialism. The first of these was greenbackism. A few Republicans—John A. Logan, Oliver P. Morton, and others—embraced greenbackism for the moment, and even John Sherman for a short time was a little shaky. The Republican party, as an organization, stood out like a rock against greenbackism, and it began to do this in the convention of 1868, which nominated Grant the first time. The Democratic party surrendered to it, and it began doing this in the convention of 1868, which nominated the hard-money man, Seymour.

The next of the radical waves, which was populism, submerged a few Republicans, and took several States—Kansas, Nebraska, and others—out of the Republicans' hands. But the Republican party rejected populism and the Democratic party embraced it.

Silverism was the next form of extremism which confronted the country. There were many silverites among the Republicans. Teller, Cannon, Dubois, and others comprised a few of them. But the Republican party, in the St. Louis convention of 1896, utterly repudiated them and cast them out. The Democratic party took them in, indorsed their creed, and made two canvasses upon it. A powerful element of the Democrats urged free silver earnestly in the St. Louis convention of 1904.

This is what history tells us about the attitude of the Republican and the Democratic parties toward the various forms of radicalism which appeared in the past. It must be remembered, too, that greenbackism, populism, and silverism were immeasurably more popular and more potent forms of radicalism than the Debs, Corrigan, and Watson species of extremism promises to be three years hence.

In the light of this record, which party, the Republican or the Democratic, is the more likely to be submerged by the socialistic wave in 1908?

New States out of Barren Wastes.

ON JUNE 17th, 1905, near Reno, Nev., the flood-gates will be opened and the water will be turned into the first irrigation canal completed by the United States government. Just three years from that date President Roosevelt placed his signature to the national irrigation act. Attempts had been made sporadically for a quarter of a century to get the United States government to pass an irrigation law. All failed until President Roosevelt, in his first message to Congress, urged it.

The canal which will be opened near Reno will irrigate 50,000 acres. There are 600,000,000 acres, or 900,000 square miles, of arid land in the United States, which is not far from a third of the area of the contiguous portion of the country. About 10,000,000 acres have been reclaimed at one time and another by private enterprise. It is estimated that 600,000 square miles, or two-thirds of the aggregate, can be made fit for cultivation. This is twelve times the area of the State of New York, and would be capable of supporting at least 20,000,000 of people. All this barren tract is west of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas.

With 50,000 or 60,000 American farmers crossing the line into Canada annually now, because the supply of new and fertile lands in the West is practically exhausted, it was time for the national government to start out reclaiming its waste spaces. The work will be pushed with vigor and intelligence. It is computed that irrigated lands, because they get just as much water as they need and no more, are more productive than twice the area of other soil. The purchaser of the irrigated lands pays the government the price, which is comparatively small per farm, that it expends on them. Thus the reclamation fund will be kept up until all these lands are fit for the farmer.

Lincoln signed the free-homes law in 1862. The national irrigation act of June 17th, 1902, is a fitting supplement to that great statute. President Roosevelt's leadership in getting that law is one of the sources of his immense popularity in the West, and helped materially to roll up the big majorities which he gained in every State of that section in 1904.

The Plain Truth.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has indicated the metes and bounds of the family by numerous letters of congratulation to fathers and mothers of twelve, sixteen, twenty children and upwards, and the public mind was reaching a sort of fixity and finality on the vexed subject. Now comes Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, president of New York's Federation of Day Nurses, with a new dictum which upsets everything. She declares "the absolute limit of a woman's capacity for taking care of babies is eight, and she ought never to have more than six." This has so much the sound of a challenge aimed at the head apostle of multitudinosity that it becomes all lesser authorities to keep out of the fight. Some have claimed that Mrs. Dodge meant to say merely that six babies are as many as one nurse can care for, but that doesn't affect her declaration at all. If a woman can't care for more than six babies, or eight at the most, that settles it. That she happens to be the mother of the six or eight has nothing to do with the question. It seems to be up to Mr. Roosevelt to answer Mrs. Dodge.

THE PROGRESS of the automobile is swift and destructive, and strongly invites the wonder of the on-looker. This may be said in the abstract sense as certainly as in the concrete. But the wonder is rather that it has not proceeded more rapidly, with more destruction of established order, more amazingly. Doubtless it would do this, abstractly speaking, if concretely it were not so swift—not exploited as a racing-machine; and if it were not so destructive, but were run with more of care and utilitarian purpose; and if there were not such effort to make it amazing. It has been, indeed, a curious feature of the history of this useful invention that its best claims to public regard have been so comparatively ignored in an effort to emphasize its less useful features. The horseless carriage has been laboriously and conspicuously puffed over steep hills, where the horse does better service; it has been rushed over a speedway at a rate equal to, but no better than, the old-fashioned railroad train; and it has been given tests of endurance that were of very little practical consequence. It has been made to do things before the public that it could not do particularly well, while the rôle in which it excels, and in which must lie the greater demand for it—in the efficient performance of the every-day duties of taking its driver about quickly, easily, and tirelessly, and of standing without hitching or weariness—has not been much exploited. Yet of the sales to be made in future, one can venture the opinion that the greater number will be because of simple merits, and not because the cars perform mechanical miracles.

A FUSS is being made over the attitude of the President and Secretary Taft regarding the use of cheaper foreign material in the construction of the Panama Canal. It is said that steel rails, iron work, and machinery can be purchased abroad at a saving. It is held that there is no alternative for the canal commission but to buy in the lowest market, regardless of the claims of American labor and American capital. The friends of protection are justly alarmed over this development, not only because it involves the expenditure of the government's money abroad instead of at home, but also because it emphasizes the argument of the tariff revisers that American goods are cheaper in foreign than in our domestic markets. A persistent effort to impress this argument upon the purchasing public has been made by the tariff reformers in every presidential campaign, but the public would not believe or listen. The action of the President and Secretary Taft on the Panama Canal matter has created such widespread discussion that the issue has been plainly put. Where free-trade speakers have failed to make an impression the administration has succeeded. No doubt many who never had considered the subject will be inclined to take the superficial view of the tariff reformer, viz., that the public is entitled to buy in the cheapest market, whether at home or abroad. To controvert this by the argument that if we buy abroad we patronize the cheaper labor of Europe to the detriment of the better-paid labor of the United States will be somewhat more difficult hereafter in view of the Panama object-lesson. Nevertheless, the argument is as sound and sensible as ever, and will continue to prevail with the American people. But why make such a fuss over the attitude of the administration? The blame, if any, should rest upon Congress. The attention of that body was called by Secretary Taft, in January last, to the fact that if Congress desired to have the canal contracts given to American manufacturers and dealers regardless of cost, that policy should be laid down by the law-making branch of the administration. Had Congress acted on this suggestion there would have been no occasion for the present outbreak.

\$10—A New Prize Photo Contest—\$10

Our amateur prize photo contest has long been one of the successful features of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. The publishers have decided to establish an additional contest in which professionals, too, may take part. LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give a prize of \$10 for the best picture with News value furnished by any amateur or professional. For every other News picture accepted for use \$2 will be paid. All photographs should be accompanied by a very brief statement of the events depicted.

-:-

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

-:-

THE PRONUNCIATION of the foreign names of celebrated artists who visit America is often a perplexing question for the mass of our people who have not found the time nor the opportunity to become proficient in any language but their mother tongue.



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW,
The American opera singer who changed
her name to suit the Italians.

While one frequently hears of an actress or musician who discards a plain and sensible cognomen for a high-flown and unpronounceable stage title, the instances are rare when these gifted persons adapt their names to the linguistic limitations of the public. Recently, however, a singer, well known both in America and in England, set a good example in this respect. Engaged to sing in a revival of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Teatro Quirino in Rome, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw was confronted by the problem of having a name billed that might appeal to the Italian people and that might readily become popular. Yaw, she was informed, was an impossible combination of letters for the tongues of Italy's music lovers. So Miss Yaw decided to act under a *nom de théâtre*, and it was as Mademoiselle Elvanna that she sang *Lucia*. It is reported that she met with great success in this rôle. Miss Yaw has a voice of greater range than is possessed by any other singer of her class in the world.

ALTHOUGH HE became known to the great mass of men merely through a facetious address, which gave him international notoriety and added his name as a verb to the language, Dr. William Osler, late of Johns Hopkins and now regius professor of medicine at Oxford, has a fame among the medical fraternity which rests on firm and lasting foundations. His deserved eminence in his profession was attested by the farewell banquet given in his honor at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York shortly before his departure for Europe, at which were present more than five hundred physicians from the United States, Canada, and Old World countries. The occasion was one of the most notable on record in a city of great public dinners. The foremost exponents of the healing art in America were in attendance, including such well-known men as Drs. James Tyson and S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia; E. G. Janeway, John S. Billings, and D. B. St. John Roosa, of New York; Albert Van der Veer, of Albany, N. Y.; Edward L. Trudeau, of Saranac Lake; William P. Welsh, of Baltimore; George W. Sternberg, of Washington; Frederick C. Shattuck, of Boston, and many others. Dr. Osler was the recipient of much well-merited eulogy, and the humorous side of his career was recognized in the presentation to him of Cicero's famous treatise on old age. The doctor's parting address was able, feeling, and thoughtful. It is expected that he will be one of the leading figures at the great English university.

THE PROGRESSIVE Japanese have not failed to learn the merits of the automobile and to show their fondness for it. Recently, while in this country, Korekiyo Takahashi, special financial commissioner of the imperial Japanese government, member of the House of Peers, and vice-governor of the Bank of Japan, who supervised the flotation of the Japanese war loan of \$150,000,000, completed an automobile tour of Westchester County, N. Y. Accompanying him was his suite of six noted Japanese financiers: T. Hozumi, manager of the San Francisco branch of the Yoko-

hama Specie Bank; Y. Yamakawa, director of the Yokohama Specie Bank and manager of the London (Eng.) branch; R. Ichinomiya, assistant manager of the New York branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank; K. Imanishi, manager of the New York branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank; E. Fukai, secretary of the Bank of Japan, Tokio; U. Yanagiya, superintendent of agencies of the Bank of Japan. The party went to all points of interest in three large touring automobiles, visiting, among other places, Sleepy Hollow and the home of the Rockefellers. Mr. Takahashi has superintended the flotation of three big Japanese war loans. He and his suite, after the tour mentioned, went to Washington to visit President Roosevelt. Later they returned to the land of the Rising Sun.

ONE OF THE most interesting characters in Yale University circles is the jolly colored man "Hannibal." When asked what his real name was, Hannibal's ebony face was wreathed in smiles as he answered, "The Right Honorable Renowned Trustworthy Professor Tutor Joseph George Hannibal L. W. Silliman." Hannibal first came into prominence



"HANNIBAL,"

Nearly one hundred years old, one of Yale University's best-known characters.—*Phelps*.

in 1846, when President Woolsey was inaugurated. At the student inaugural celebration he led the procession. Never an official mascot, he has for sixty years been one of the best-known and most popular characters the university has had. When a young man he taught boxing at Yale, and even yet has a few pupils among the students. He is noted for his wrestling prowess, also his wonderful vocabulary. He can introduce more unheard of words into a single sentence than a college professor. Hannibal declares his vocabulary is not acquired, but a gift of the gods. Old residents say he is nearly a hundred years old. There has been no noticeable change in his appearance for twenty-five years. He is a prominent figure at all the Yale games. Hannibal's hold upon the affection of the alumni is strong, while his home-made candy is almost as well known and popular as he is himself.

A MOVEMENT, which was started by Representative Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, is under way to secure for Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, the Nobel prize for his work in the interests of universal peace. Nearly all the members of each branch of the last Congress signed the memorial in Mr. Bartholdt's favor. The Congressman more than a year ago introduced the measure, with its appropriation, which brought to this country, in the summer of 1904, the Interparliamentary Union, composed of members of the national legislatures of nearly all the great countries of the world and several of the small ones. He presided over the union at its sessions at the St. Louis world's fair, which attracted far more attention than did any previous meeting of that body ever held anywhere. The union, with Mr. Bartholdt as its spokesman, visited President Roosevelt in the interest of international peace, and at its suggestion the President moved in favor of a new meeting of The Hague conference, which will be held at the end of the Russo-Japanese War, or perhaps earlier. Mr. Bartholdt lately went to Brussels to attend a meeting of the executive council of the Interparliamentary Union, in order to propose the admission of the South American nations to the union and to lay before the council the basis of an international congress. The Nobel prizes were established by money left for that purpose by a philanthropic Scandinavian named Nobel. Five prizes—one each for achievements in medicine, physics, chemistry, literature, and in behalf of peace—are given each year, but none thus far has come to the United States.



CONGRESSMAN RICHARD BARTHOLDT,
Of Missouri, an advocate of peace, who
may get a Nobel prize.

THAT GREATEST of all organizations of ex-soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic, numbers among its surviving membership many veterans of advanced years who are venerated by the younger generation. But the oldest of these is as a young man compared with Hiram Cronk, of Dunn Brook, N. Y., the last survivor of the War of 1812, who died recently at the very ripe age of 105. Mr. Cronk was a soldier thirty-seven years before the breaking out of the Civil War, having enlisted with his father in 1814, when he was less than fifteen years old. He served, at Sacketts Harbor, for only one hundred days, but in the one fight with the British in which he took part he proved himself a good soldier. At the time of his death he was drawing a government pension of \$25 and a State pension of \$75 per month, so that he was amply provided for in his last days. Born in Herkimer County, N. Y., Mr. Cronk was for the most of his life a farmer. In politics he was a Democrat, and in religion a Methodist. He was in seemingly good health on his one hundred and fifth birthday, though his eyesight and hearing were impaired. Representatives of several patriotic societies visited him on that day and made congratulatory addresses, and the New Jersey Society of the War of 1812 elected him an honorary member. The only other honorary members ever chosen by this society were President Harrison and Admiral Dewey. Mr. Cronk received many congratulatory letters and telegrams from all over the land. When, not long after, his body reached New York en route to the place of burial in Brooklyn, he was accorded a public funeral by the city, and tens of thousands of persons paid tribute to the memory of one who had been the obscurest of soldiers.



KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI,

An eminent Japanese financier, driving an automobile during a tour in New York State.—*Robbins*.



HIRAM CRONK (X),

Aged 105, last of the soldiers of the War of 1812, and his descendants.—*Skay*.

Uncle Sam as the Lord of the Indies

By Rutherford Corbin, Special Correspondent of Leslie's Weekly



VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES—TAKEN FROM THE PORTICO OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.—T. C. Muller.

HAVANA, CUBA, May 1st, 1905.

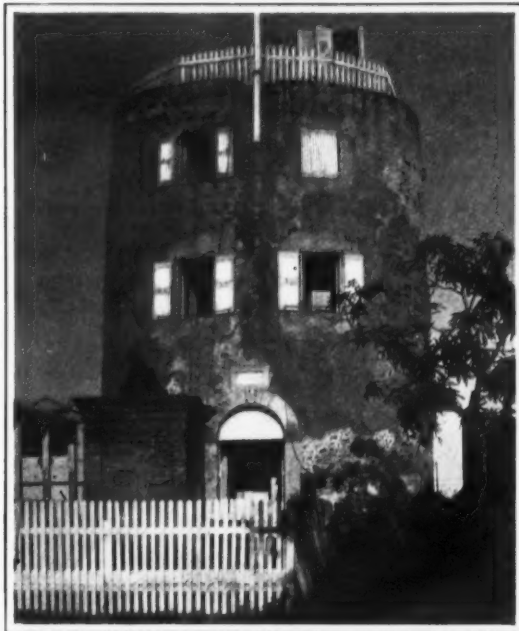
ROUGHLY SPEAKING, if you will put the base end of your compass at Panama, which is at the narrowest point of the isthmus connecting the North and South American continents, and describe part of a circle to the north and east with a radius of about a thousand miles, you will find that nature has already outlined your arc with the West Indian Islands, and that your segment, the included portion of sea, is the Caribbean. One might call these islands, which are of many sizes and shapes and of many governments, the "outposts of Panama," because that has become so important a place on the world's map. Nowadays, when the canal there is about to become as much an integral part of the coast line of the United States as any from Portland, Me., to Seattle, Wash., these outposts derive a new military and commercial importance as necessary pickets. They have ceased to be neighbors across the street and have become boarders in our front rooms, and their order and welfare are accordingly the more important. One of them, Porto Rico, has become a very creditable adopted member of our family.

The arc of the Indies starts from Yucatan on the northwest of the island of Cuba, which we have made independent. The next island is the one the Spaniards called Hispaniola and which we call indiscriminately Santo Domingo or Hayti, as there are there two independent governments with those names. Then comes our own Porto Rico, the keystone of the arch; then three little Danish islands—St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz; and then the long string of islands ending with Trinidad (English) and Curaçoa (Dutch), off the Venezuelan coast, which belong to England, France, Denmark, Holland, and Venezuela quite indiscriminately, as they have been used from time to time to make even measure for the treaties between European countries for three centuries. This arc is cut through with many channels. The radii of the partial circle we have described from Panama which are most important are those marking the shipping lines. That from the canal to our gulf ports will pass through the wide Yucatan channel between the governments of Cuba and Mexico; that to our Atlantic ports, either about Jamaica and through the Windward passage between Cuba and Hayti, or through the Mona Strait between Porto Rico and Santo Domingo, which latter (Mona), with that between Porto Rico and St. Thomas, will let through the Panama-European traffic. The present important internal traffic of the Caribbean, which will also increase with the development of the canal neighborhood, is that between Jamaica and America, which goes through the Windward, and the traffic to Europe through the Windward or the Mona. Venezuela's direct line from Caracas to New York is through the Mona, and to Europe by St. Thomas.

The control of the Panama Canal, and of the three central passages, implies the suzerainty of the waters of the Caribbean and the trade of that part of the Americas. The Spanish king took the title of "Lord of the Indies" from the domination of the four islands that guard these passages which he got from Columbus, and the discovery at Panama by Balboa of the short Pacific route. Four hundred years have not changed the topography of the Caribbean, and he who to-day controls Cuba, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, and Panama becomes the "Lord of the Indies." As certainly as ever history moves along driven lines to a climax, Uncle Sam will be—and he is almost to-day—the "Lord of the Indies" four hundred and ten years in direct succession to the patron of Columbus and Balboa.

Of the five points which have been named, the United States controls Porto Rico and Panama alone; but we are in a position to control St. Thomas, and in a fair way to assume control of Santo Domingo. The United States has the friendship of Cuba, and is backed up by her Anglo-

Saxon brother in Jamaica, in itself almost as importantly located. With the renewed assumption by Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt, by Olney



ODD AND ANTIQUATED "BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE" AT ST. THOMAS DANISH WEST INDIES.—T. C. Muller.

and by Hay of the Monroe Doctrine, and their development of its corollaries; with our absolute control of the canal situation, the interest of Europe has passed from the Caribbean. Once, next to the

title of Holy Roman Emperor and King of Castile and Aragon, Charles V., the proudest of monarchs, called himself "El Señor de los Indes." The grand Louis of France sought them with all his might, Napoleon valued them above Louisiana, and for England Rodney's victory off the Barbadoes blotted out the humiliations of Saratoga and Yorktown. It is different now. The mighty eye of Europe is turned to the East and South, to Asia and Africa. America to Europe is to be the United States. Every European possession in the Indies is at its low market value for the owner, and at the top-notch for the United States. The result marches certainly.

Porto Rico is of all of the Indies the best. The people are superior to those of any of the other islands, with the possible exception of Cuba. Under competent direction, they are taking a first place in self-government, in agriculture, and intelligence. They are fit to become a Territory and will be fit to become a State. They are almost Americans; they want to be and will be of us. There are almost a million of them, and sixty per cent. are of an easily assimilated class of the Caucasian race; forty per cent. are negroes, but, unlike the inhabitants of many of the islands, the population grows "whiter," not "blacker," with each generation. A nation which has so wonderfully, not only assimilated, but also bettered itself from the plains of Russia, the vineyards of Tuscany, from Ireland, and Germany, need not fear for the annexation to itself of the Porto Ricans. This may be regarded as a settled problem.

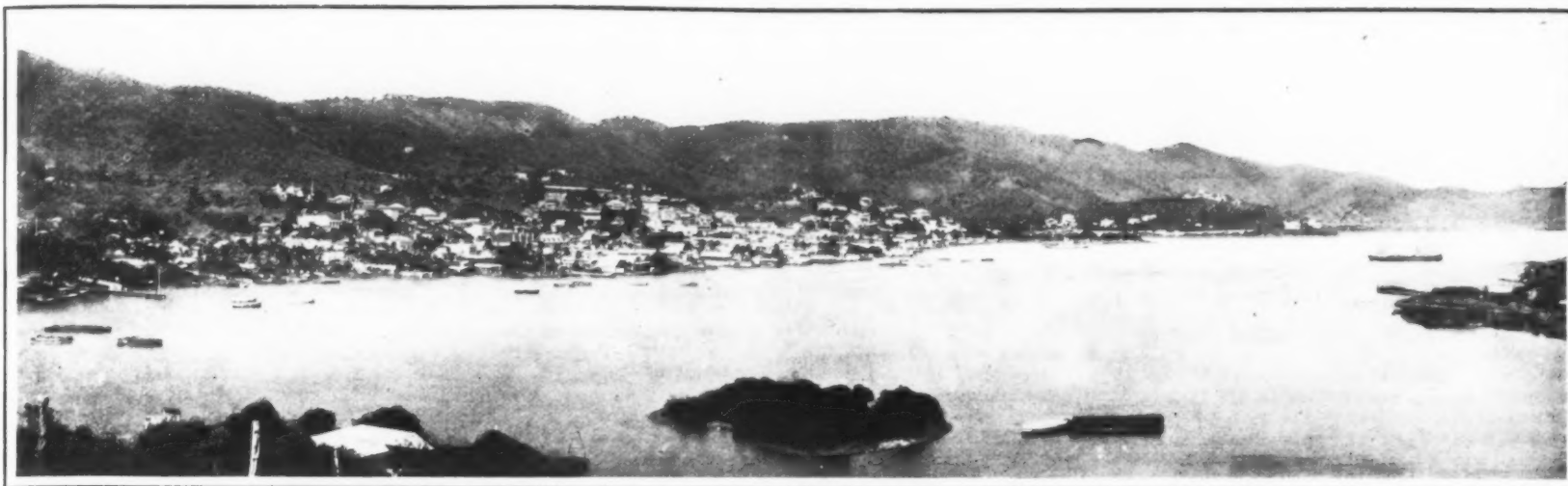
At Ponce I attended a reception in the Casino, which is the local club. Ponce is one of the important smaller towns in the middle of the south coast, the centre of the sugar district. There were half a thousand people in large, open, well-lighted halls and drawing-rooms. The women wore what might have been, to my masculine view, Parisian gowns. More than half the men were in conventional evening dress. Many spoke English, some French, and all Spanish.

They danced well and talked intelligently, and of the wine drank practically none. The affair, as a whole, while not of New York or Washington, would compare favorably with any of the kind I have seen in a town of its size in America, and the music and manners were far better. The Porto Rican's education in good government is quite another thing. That is to come, and it must be understood that those of whom I speak were only of the best-bred and most prosperous. Another thing, at the table where the group in which I was foregathered were an Oxford man, three Harvard men, and a Yale man—Americans. They have made, or will make, the country their own; they mix with its people of their own class, and if you have been in what is merely a colony you know that is never true. It is the sign of signs of a future amalgamation.

St. Thomas will not be a hard problem. There are 30,000 people in the group. They are of every race and nationality, governed by Denmark, speak English or Spanish or French, and live because they have sufficient ships to visit their harbor, which is the most convenient stopping point in the West Indies. Fewer ships have been coming of late years. They feel their loss of importance and trade, and are heartily in favor of remedying things by being sold to the United States. In 1868 they voted, ignorant and intelligent, under a clean ballot for annexation. Our administration had arranged a purchase with Denmark. The Danes proclaimed the cession, and the flags went up in Charlotte Amalia. Unfortunately the United States Senate rejected the treaty of sale. The Danish flag sorrowfully went up again, and is still there. The thing rankled. Christian IX. was a vigorous and young man then, and had but just come to the throne in 1862. To-day, the oldest monarch in Europe, he sits in his palace at Copenhagen, and, with the obstinacy of his more than four score of years,



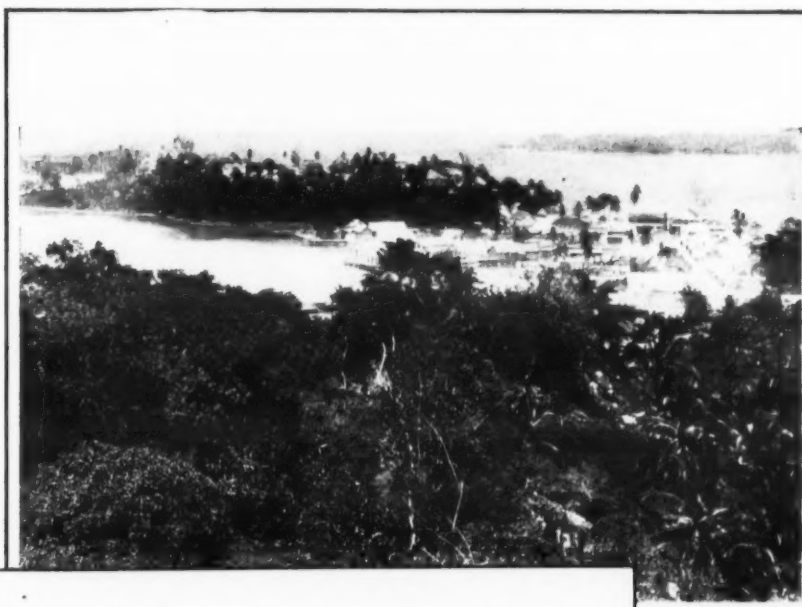
UNIQUE STONE STAIRWAY AT ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES, 300 FEET LONG AND 205 YEARS OLD.—T. C. Muller.



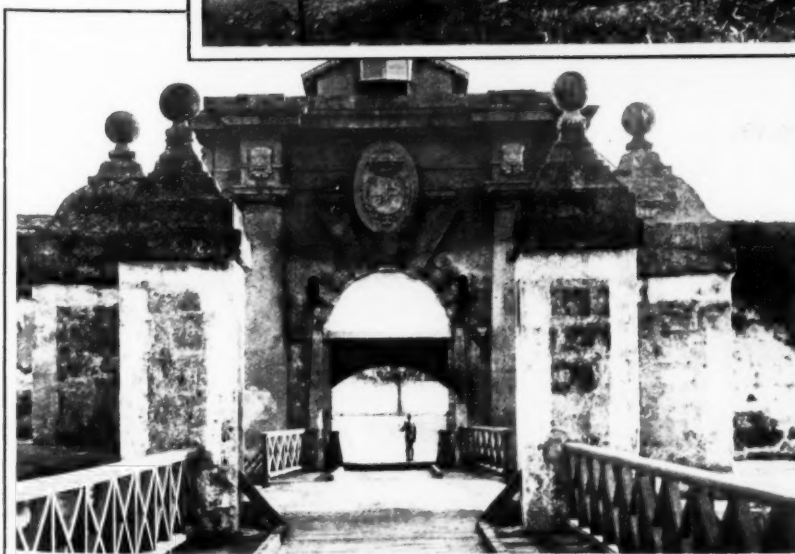
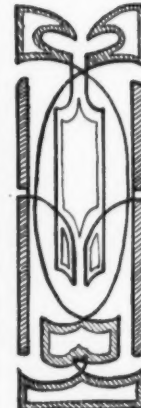
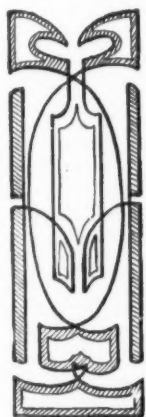
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CAPITAL AND THE SPACIOUS HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS, ONE OF DENMARK'S ISLANDS IN THE WEST INDIES.



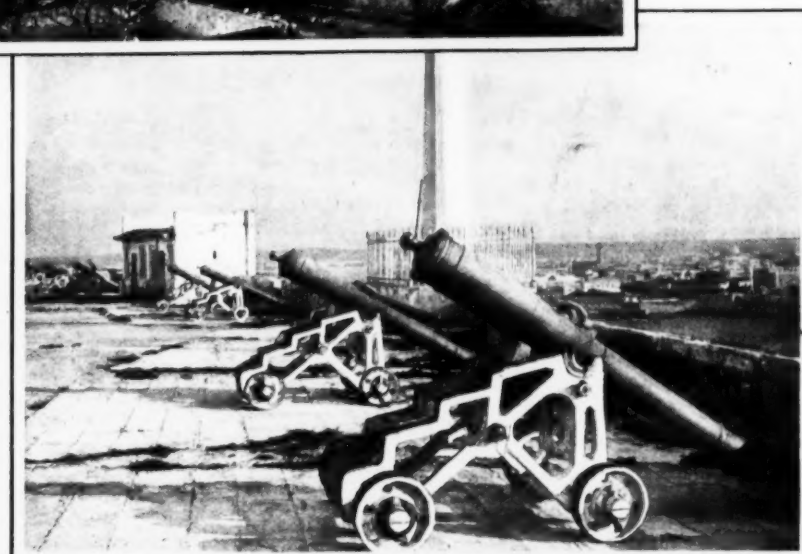
ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF KINGSTON, JAMAICA—THE QUAIN JUBILEE MARKET.



TOWN AND HARBOR OF PORT ANTONIO, ISLAND OF JAMAICA.



ENTRANCE TO THE CABANAS, THE ANCIENT MILITARY STRONGHOLD AT HAVANA.



CUBA'S CHIEF FORTRESS, THE MORRO CASTLE AT HAVANA, AS SEEN FROM THE CABANAS.

OLD SPANISH GUNS AT THE CABANAS—CITY OF HAVANA IN THE BACKGROUND.

PICTURESQUE FEATURES OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

MAGNIFICENT HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS, ATTRACTIVE SIGHTS IN JAMAICA, AND CURIOUS OLD SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS OF CUBA.

Photographs by our staff photographer, T. C. Muller, who lately visited the West Indies. See opposite page.

recalls this past humiliation. He is the great block to the scheme of transfer. But it is to be and, perhaps at no distant date, will be.

Incidentally, St. Thomas is one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Its harbor town of Charlotte Amalia is built across three hills running down into a horseshoe-shaped bay. The hills are as green as those first seen above Queenstown look to the ocean-tired traveler, the water as blue as the bay at Naples, and the houses are painted with pink or blue, with red roofs or stained with the yellow of age. The air, the sea, and the palm-trees sing of romance and whisper the legends of the days of the cruel and bloodthirsty pirates of long ago.

Sentimentally, an interesting historical association will come to the United States when finally the Danish Islands are purchased, in the acquisition of the scene of the early life of Alexander Hamilton. While born in the British island of Nevis, his boyhood was spent working in a warehouse at Santa Cruz, and many of the houses which are yet standing in St. Thomas were seen by him in his visits to that neighboring island. His name is now almost an unknown one in St. Thomas, and there is no definite knowledge of his associations there. In Santa Cruz many of the inhabitants are aware of the distinction of their island in that respect, most of them having gained the knowledge through the visits of Mrs. Atherton and perusal of her novel, "The Conqueror." A peculiar circumstance in that connection is that the general impression is that the work is completely fiction; whereas I am told by those who know, that it is, at least in its beginning, a remarkably veracious statement of the early life of the great American.

One can easily picture the sensitive, ambitious boy inflamed by the tales of the rovers of the world, who gathered from half a hundred ships each year in the old castle yard underneath the palms to sip their sherry or rum-and-water, who knew and told of George and Louis and London and Panama, of the Brazils and the promise of the colonies of the North. Hamilton was a precocious lad and set out for America with a very clear idea that his destiny was to be linked with that of the northern colonies. It may be that beneath the palms of Santa Cruz or St. Thomas there came to him some hazy idea of their future, a dream of the power of their amalgamation. It would be a beautiful setting for the birth of our great idea, and a quaint thought for the nation of the North now to come back to its own by the purchase of the island of Hamilton.

And so the centuries have prepared the way for the lands of Columbus, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, and of Hamilton's birth to come under the protection of the northern nation which came from them. In an old plaza at San Juan, in Porto Rico, a figure of Ponce de Leon, the first governor of the islands, points to the north. It may be that there lies the fountain of the eternal youth and strength for the last children of his people. Behind, in the old church, the Spanish monks say the Latin Mass as they did four centuries ago. Before, the barracks and plains lie wide out to the Morro, and in the open sun the Porto Rico battalion is being drilled in the dear old blue, with Old Glory fluttering amongst their companies, and the little children of the streets are chattering their comments in the English of the schools.

A Woman's Spring Trout.

THIS IS THE time of the year when the business man, who has been poring over his desk during the long winter months, looks longingly toward the purling trout streams, realizing fully the sport and diversion that await him there. He feels the thrilling and mysterious "call of the wild," and finds himself overcome with the fishing fever. The water in the lakes and streams still has the chill of snow in it, but the

wild flowers are abloom, and the air is filled with fragrance and the music of feathered songsters, as if each one were trying to express the joy of living in this beautiful world of ours.

The first streak of dawn found the camp awake, each one of us cheerfully doing his part toward preparations for an early start, and we were a happy pair, who, with rods and creels, worked our way down to the mountain brook, where our speckled beauties awaited the bait we had to offer them. We stopped along the way occasionally to fit flies to the leaders and try a cast or two, just to see if we had forgotten the "stunt," all the while reveling in the spring sunshine or shower, as it might come, and inhaling the pungent wood odors. We were prepared for wettings. We took a change of clothing, but left the unnecessary at home. As the streams were high, we found high rubber boots indispensable, as there was always some fording and wading where streams were full and swift. However, we were prepared to surmount all obstacles, and as we clambered over the rocks and driftwood, threading the heavy underbrush and wading the streams, we forgot that these were difficulties, if such they are to a fisherman in the eager search for every possible lurking-place for trout. We understood all of the little mysteries of the currents, and each shady nook had an intense interest for us.

On we went, with a cast at each ripple and a lingering, quiet effort where we found the cold, placid water, in which big rocks abounded. Carefully and more persistently we approached the spot where the water rushed swiftly over these great stones, concealing ourselves perfectly, and dropping our hooks into the rippling currents, for there is where we expected to catch a big trout. And we were not disappointed, for scarcely had the line dropped into the foaming water, before a familiar pressure upon the hand caused us to instinctively lift the rod—and behold! a magnificent specimen of the speckled beauty tribe was resting in our creel. Encouraged by our success, we waded in to the base of some big rocks, where the water was deeper and colder and more quiet. What did it matter if we did get wet feet? There is absolutely no danger of catching cold from wet feet if we succeed in catching fish, and keep up interest enough in the sport to insure good circulation.

By looking over a big log we could see that the situation was promising, and we increased the weight of our leaders and cast into this pool, swiftly and carefully drawing them toward us. Then letting them drop close to the bottom of a huge rock, we felt a vicious jerk; then another and yet another, which

electrified us, and at once this calm and good-natured looking stream was churned into billows of white foam, as the lines were drawn backward and forward through it. The delicately slender pole was almost bent double in its efforts to support the line as it was dragged to the bottom or lashed itself straight, as the fishes—for we realized now that there were a pair on each line—rose to our view. Such lusty trout we had never seen before! Up and down with every current, and back and forth with every ripple, they darted, until our arms ached in the effort to secure them. But as there was no underbrush or driftwood to interfere with the lines, we knew it was only a matter of time until they would become exhausted, and would float to the surface, tired and unwilling captives. We reeled up and lifted them into our creels, and credited ourselves with a good catch and much glory.

Men and women may enjoy achievements along intellectual and financial lines, and gloat over great worldly accumulations, but to us there is no pleasure so pure and satisfying as carrying home such handsome results of a day's recreation in the country. But we don't always carry the catch home—in our creels. Sometimes we take in our pack-basket a frying-pan, some potatoes, and bread and butter, and when we realize that it is time for the inner man to be refreshed we build a fire on shore and fry our fish, and, with the potatoes nicely boiled, we eat a meal such as kings might envy, with the appetite that comes only to the mountaineer. After dispatching such a feast, we sit quietly, my husband smoking, while I wash the few dishes and place them in the basket ready for our next trip. We are tired, but not hungry, so we rest a while on the shore, rehearsing the story of our success. And I have heard my husband tell the stories of our fishing successes by our camp-fire to friends who were not fortunate enough to know the secrets of the places where the trout abides.

FRANCES VAN ETEN.

Big Demand for Women Teachers

FOR THE young woman who wants to teach school there is an unusually interesting and profitable field in some of the Western and middle Western States. Especially is South Dakota suffering from the dearth of teachers, not because of the impossibility of hiring them, but of making them stick to their contracts. According to the general complaint from the school authorities of the different sections concerned, Cupid is wideawake in that part of the country, and no sooner does the teacher settle down to duty than she is snatched up in the matrimonial market. For one contemplating a flight from teaching in the metropolis, it would be well to write for verification of the condition concerning the demand for teachers before venturing to immigrate. It is stated, however, apparently on good authority, that last summer the school authorities of South Dakota placed advertisements in Eastern newspapers for teachers. When the schools opened last September all the positions in the State were filled by nice-looking, cultured young ladies. The long winter evenings, the splendid skating and sleighing proved such valuable aids to Cupid that the schools have been deserted because of an epidemic of matrimony. Many young men have gone into the State and have taken up homesteads. They are intelligent and prosperous, and are on the lookout for wives. When a young, good-looking, and refined teacher goes into the community she has offers to wed by the score. And while many of them hold out for a while, eventually the right young man comes along, and the school committee advertises for another teacher. The worried school authorities have been obliged to insert a clause in the school contracts to the effect that the teacher shall not marry until she has taught at least two terms.

Our President.

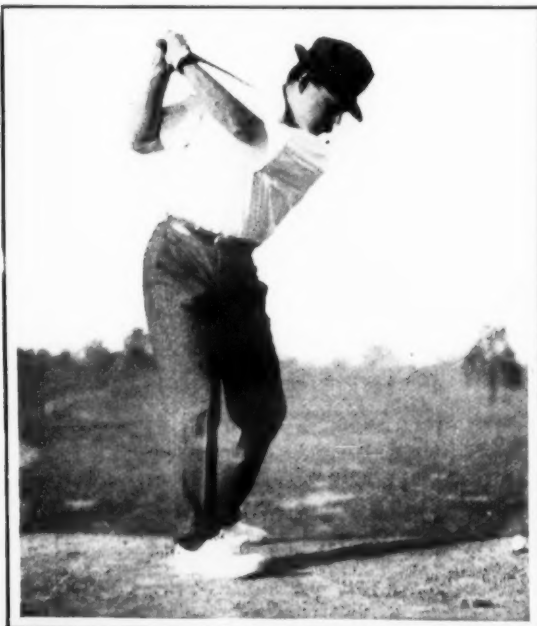
GRANDLY he fills the great high seat—
President, patriot, man!
His the composite type complete,
Ideal American.

PRESIDENT of the people all,
His the impartial sway;
No deed too great, no task too small
When duty points the way.

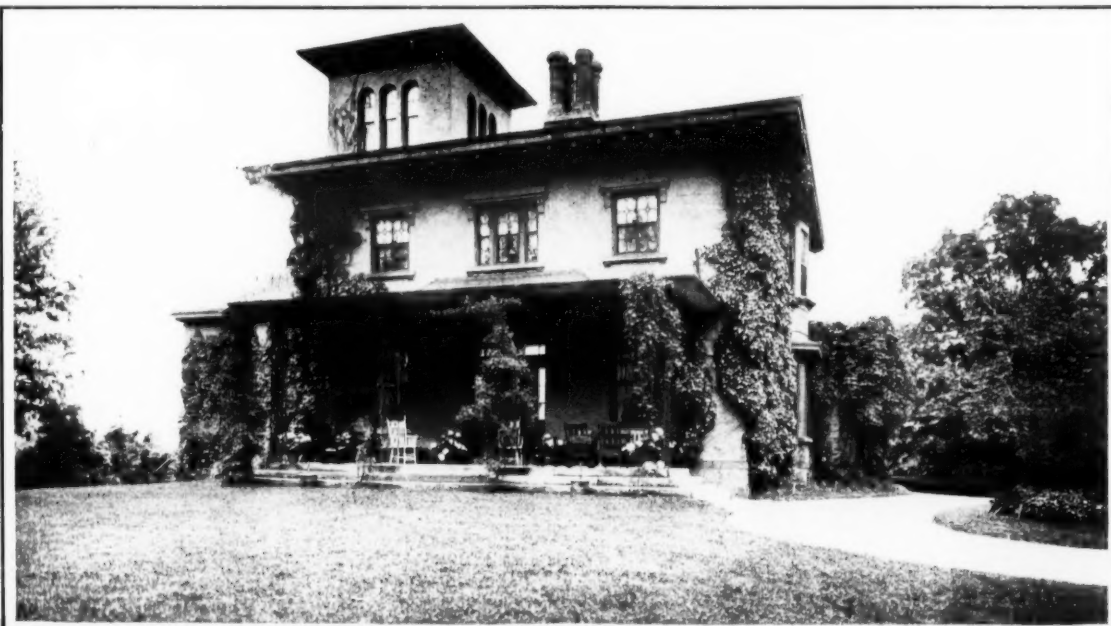
THE Olden World in wonder sees
This incarnation of the new,
From whose mind each motive flees
That is not brave and true.

THE century dawn'd—the man was there,
To bear the burden and raise the cry:
"All I ask is a deal that is square
For every man humble or high."

WILLIAM D. MURPHY.



CONGRESSMAN NICHOLAS LONGWORTH AT PLAY ON THE EAST HILL GOLF LINKS NEAR HIS HOME.



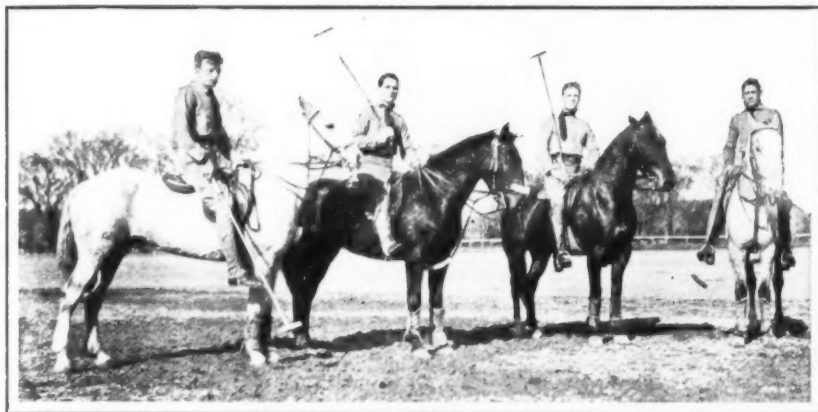
"ROOKWOOD," THE HOMESTEAD AT CINCINNATI OF CONGRESSMAN NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, WHERE MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT IS SPENDING A WEEK.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER VISITS A CONGRESSMAN'S HOME.

HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH AND HIS RESIDENCE AT CINCINNATI, WHERE HIS SISTER, MRS. WALLINGFORD, IS ENTERTAINING MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.—Photographs by J. R. Schmidt.



CAVALRY DRILL OF FIRST-CLASS MEN—COLUMN LEFT AT A GALLOP.



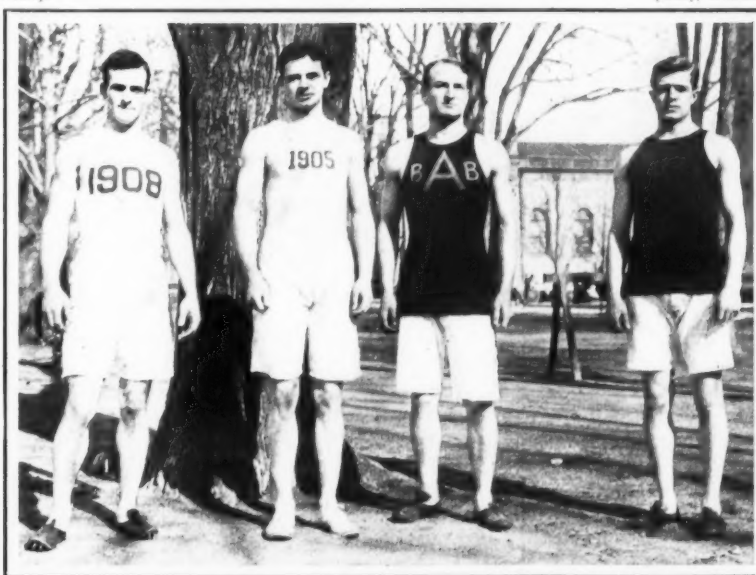
EXPERT POLO PLAYERS AT THE ACADEMY.
Left to right : Cadets Lowe (Mo.), Carter (Kan.), West (N. C.), Hanford (Wash.).



ACADEMY TRACK TEAM.
Left to right : Castle (Wis.), Coleman (Ark.), Arnold (Penn.), Hetrick (Conn.), Dailey (O.), Turner (Mo.), Watson (N. Y.), Bartlett (Mass.).



CADET TOMPKINS (O.) PUTTING THE SHOT.



REPRESENTATIVE ATHLETES AMONG THE CADETS.
Left to right : Garley (Md.), '08 ; Daly (Mass.), '05 ; Hetrick (Conn.), '06 ; Castle (Wis.), '07.



WILLESLEE, (O.) WEST POINT'S BEST HAMMER-THROWER.



BEAVERS (N. Y.), PITCHER OF THE BASEBALL TEAM.



MILITARY ACADEMY BASEBALL TEAM.
Left to right—standing : Lieutenant Abbott, assistant coach ; Groniger, 3 b. ; Geiger, p. ; Gordon, f. ; Davis (R. H.), 1 b. ; Weyman, s. s. ; Prince, p. ; Winston (captain), c. f. ; Hanlon, c. ; Gardner, 1 b. ; Dunwoody, p. ; Lieutenant Hackett, coach.
Sitting—Wagner, 2 b. ; Hanson, r. f. ; Beavers, p. ; Pritchett, s. s. ; James, p.



HANLON (CONN.), CRACK CATCHER OF THE BALL TEAM.



WELL-DRILLED CADETS MARCHING OFF THE FIELD AFTER INSPECTION.

WORK AND SPORT OF THE CADETS AT WEST POINT.

LEADING ATHLETES OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY, AND FUTURE WARRIORS DRILLING ON HORSEBACK AND ON FOOT.
Photographs by Mrs. C. R. Miller.



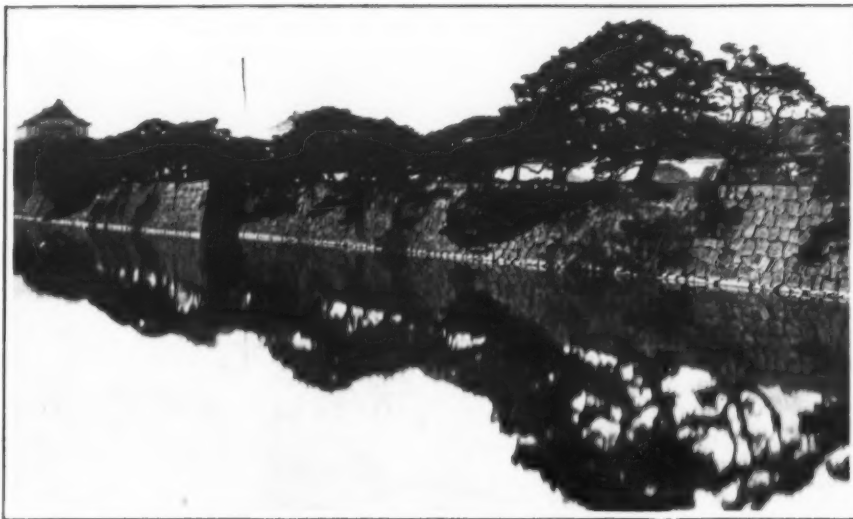
TOKIO, April
25th, 1905.
AN IMPERIAL
JAPANESE garden

party seems to be a fearful and a wonderful thing. As a humble guest of the son of heaven I know I should refrain from commenting at all upon the entertainment so magnificently and graciously provided by mine imperial host, but may I not describe? And, describing, may I not express my profound admiration and wonderment at it all? It has filled our minds for weeks, the garden party, but it is over now, and we, the "floating" foreign population of Tokio, have nothing more to worry about. It is fully five weeks, I'm sure, since I was informed, through the American legation, that I was to receive an invitation, and at the time I felt very much set up about it; but when I discovered that every foreigner in the empire who is not a fixed resident, and who has any sort of standing at all, was to be accorded the same honor, I ceased to view myself so loftily, and was able to await the event with more or less composure. Nobody had any idea when it was "going to be," so nobody could make any definite plans, and the situation seemed to be one of grave suspense for many. "About the fifteenth" was the first guess, and all the tailors, milliners, and dress-makers in the empire were threatened with dire consequences if they didn't turn out their creations by that date; but I think they must have been in league with the Imperial Household Department, since they didn't hurry the least bit in the world and looked very wise when "along about the twentieth" was getting itself circulated around.

There were many things that many people wanted to do, but "after the garden party" was as nearly as anybody could arrive at a plan, and this was far from definite. Then, too, there was the awful possibility that there might not be a garden party at all. There are two attempts at one each year—in the spring when the cherry-trees are in bloom, and in the autumn at the height of the chrysanthemum season. But the spring party has not taken place for several years on account of rain, and as the weather this year has been particularly uncertain, we must forsooth prepare ourselves for the possibility that our long anticipation might never merge itself into actuality. But it did. The cherry-blossom garden party has been, and, as I began by saying, it seems to have been a fearful and a wonderful thing. "Along about the twentieth" we received a definite intimation that on Monday, the twenty-fourth of April, the event would take place. This was the day after Easter Sunday—and permit me to most respectfully bow to the exquisite courtesy of this pagan imperial household that did thus so delicately recognize the superior claims of Christian custom. During Holy Week the cherry-blossoms were at their beautiful best, but during Holy Week this most courteous people did not forget to bow its head to the alien God of its alien guests, and the garden party was postponed, even though the cherry-blossoms withered.

On Saturday, the 22d, the invitations were received and the long suspense came to an end, or at least arrived at the single interrogation anent the weather prospects. I'm sure everybody was sorry to see Easter Sunday such a brilliantly sunny day, because two such in succession at this season in Japan can hardly be expected, and Monday was sure to be particularly wet and disagreeable. A little pink card inclosed with the invitation announced that "in case of rain the party will not take place." After all the weeks of waiting! Well, anyway, the invitations would make most interesting souvenirs, for they were really splendid things. Stiff, white, gilt-edged cards, about five and a half by seven and a half inches in size they were, covered with mysterious-looking ideographs, with one's own name written in Japanese down the centre. Translated, one reads: "By command of their imperial Majesties, the Emperor and the Empress, I, the Minister of the Imperial Household, have the honor to invite you to a garden party to be given at 2:30 o'clock on Monday afternoon, April 24th, year of Meiji 38, 1905, in Hamari-kyu gardens, Tokio." It isn't every day that the Smiths, of Oshkosh, who, I fear, constitute a vast majority of the visiting population in Japan, receive such an invitation, but to do them credit they assumed a splendid nonchalance about it, and set out at once to turn the affair into a contest of clothes that was immensely entertaining to a mere spectator like myself.

The Hama palace overlooks the bay of Yeddo down in the far southeast corner of the city, and one enters the garden across a picturesque upward-curving bridge, over a deep moat whose waters lap languidly against gray stone walls, overhung with crooked, scraggy branches of ancient pine-trees. At least that is as it should be and sometimes is, but that afternoon the tide was out, so only a thin, green streak of water rippled in wee wavelets down through the centre of the moat, and, I fear me, the pictur-



LONG SCRAGGY BRANCHES OF ANCIENT PINES REACHING OUT OVER THE WALLS OF THE MOAT.

esque patrol-boats, with their uniformed and white-gloved guard on either side of the bridge, rested in beds of most unfragrant mud. Verily, the son of heaven controlleth not the ebbings and the flowings of the tide. I think none of the foreigners present were ever in the Hama, palace garden before, because this was the first of the imperial parties to be given there, and none of the imperial gardens are ever, under any circumstances, open to visitors, so the first thing to do was to take a turn about and do a little refined exclaiming. At least that seemed to be the order of things. But it is a beautiful place, beautiful in a mild, unobtrusive sort of way; beautiful with a quiet, restful day-dream charm that made me long to get alone in the depths of its green fastnesses, alone upon the banks of its zigzag, dull-gray, rippling lakelet, where one might sit and conjure up fairy scenes of dead days, when Japan was a quaint little world of fantastic forms and fancies, which knew no other life than its own and fashioned its own ideals.

I longed to be alone with the charming people of my own imagining: tiny women in brilliant kimonos, looking like huge butterflies among the trees and flowers; strangely armored men striding in deep abstraction along the lake side; wee, sweet children lolling upon the grassy slopes in play as gentle as their own tinkling laughter and purring small voices. All of this my fancy tried to place within the scene before me, but that which my eyes beheld was Meiji, the era of enlightenment, and the intrusion of a motley Occidentalism that all but makes Japan unbeautiful. As I saw it the picture was, alas, mostly a study of frock-coats and silk hats, many of which deserved a place in the national museum as relics of the age before the period of enlightenment. Indeed, it fills me with astonishment to see a company of Japanese gentlemen of the highest class displaying themselves at this late date in foreign costumes that would fill the American actor of refined tramp specialties with bubbling joy. I cannot imagine why this is. Not, surely, because they know no better, since they have before them every day examples of perfectly dressed men, both Japanese and foreign. And it cannot be that they are all too poor to buy better garments, for they wear kimonos of the choicest materials and most faultless cut, and live as a rule in most excellent style, so how is one to account for this queer lapse? Is it the same characteristic which makes the Japanese forget his refinement in a railway carriage, or in a modern public office building? Whatever it may be, it is at least quite general, and the average Japanese gentleman in a gathering like the one this afternoon is so crudely dressed that his crudeness ceases to be funny and becomes merely pathetic. Of course there are immaculate men, men who carry a frock-coat and silk hat with an air that might have been bred through generations of Occidentalism, but they are the conspicuous exceptions.

There were not many Japanese women at the party, which made me wonder, considering the fact that there were hundreds of men present, but perhaps the absence of the many might be explained by the uncomfortable and self-conscious air of the few who were there in most unaccustomed foreign finery. Not that they wore it so badly. Not at all. That is a fiction of the foreign woman who is pleasantly blinded to the imperfections of her own kind. Of course there are no Japanese girls with Gibson figures of lissom grace and Fifth Avenue strides of splendid freedom, but the same thing may be said of many other women in many other climes. Everybody cannot be an American girl, you know, and I declare I think the Japanese girl runs some of her European sisters a very close second in her ability to wear ungraceful clothes as gracefully as possible, with very limited assistance from Mother Nature. All Japanese waist-lines run up in front, and all Japanese girls are "pigeon-toed," but all Japanese girls are gentleness itself, and their dainty modesty serves to conceal a multitude of peculiarities. One most astonishing thing about the Japanese girl, however, is the fact that she knows absolutely nothing



about the combination of colors in foreign dress, and I am surprised

that her foreign dressmaker should permit her to perpetrate some of the atrocities she does, which must jar unmercifully upon even the most untrained sense of harmony. I saw one poor little girlie walking around on the very greenest grass she could find, with an almost magenta pink dress on that was trimmed in black lace and had an orange-colored sash. Around her neck she wore a blue ribbon of indescribable shade and the ribbons in her hair were light green. Her hat was a combination of reds and purples quite beyond description, and she wore white shoes with light-brown stockings. Now, can you surpass that? And I give you my word I am not exaggerating in the least. Moreover, she was only one of many, and I could only conclude that this was just another evidence of the Japanese inability to exercise native taste in the adoption of foreign fashions. One sees it in everything—architecture, house furnishings and decorations, art, even manners. Everything that is not native, or at least nearly every thing, is bizarre and inartistic to the extremest degree. However, this is digression.

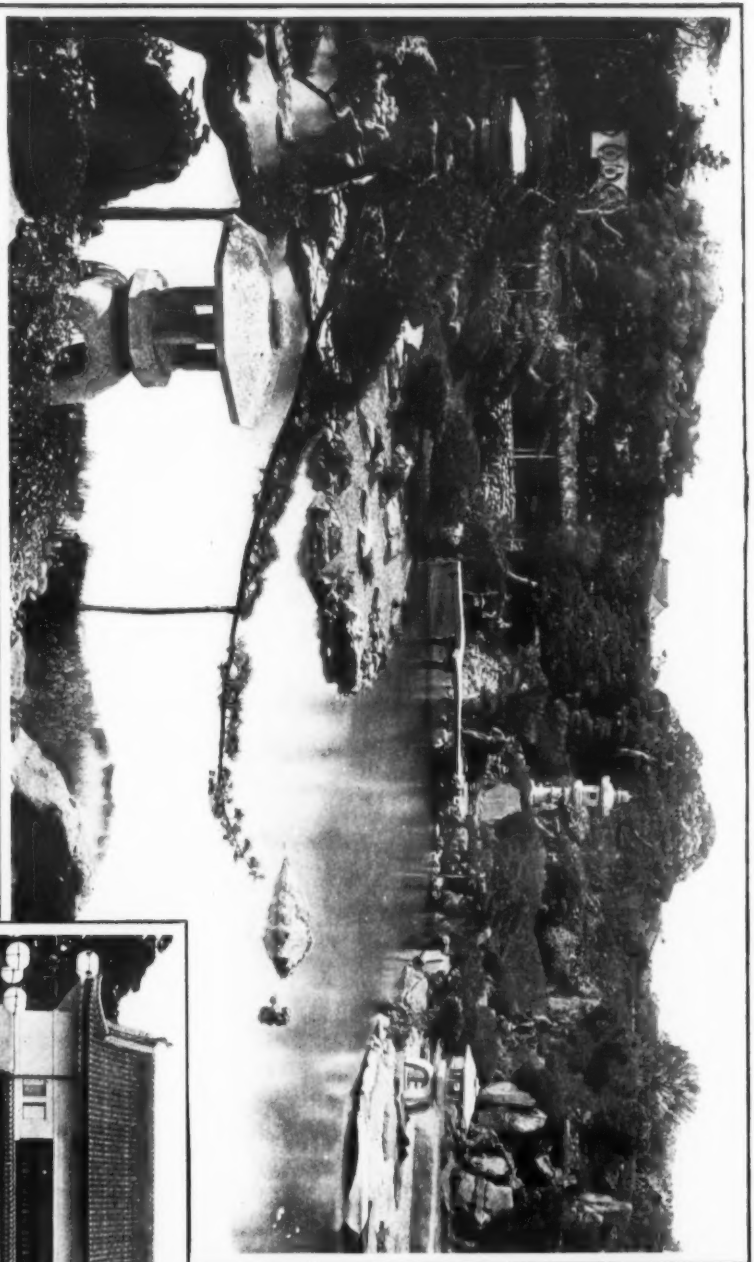
Everybody foreign, of any account at all, was at the garden party, together with the diplomatic corps in full force, and it was most interesting to walk around and have celebrities pointed out to one. There are a good many of them in Japan just now, and two of them I shall remember long and pleasantly, all because of a very entertaining woman who walked along behind me and considered it unnecessary to lower her voice. "Oh, I say!" she exclaimed. (Yes; she was English.) "Not that queer-looking person in green? Merciful goodness! Well, it's a good thing the fates gave her something to make up for it. I guess Fortune isn't as blind as she's painted." She chattered on harmlessly for a moment, and then I heard: "Oh, no, never! Why, that can't be he! You mean the one with the receding chin and the red side whiskers? Oh, what a blow! I shall never enjoy reading him again!" I was sorry to lose this person. She herself was more or less of a tall, graceful English beauty, who wore a white *crêpe-de-chine* gown and a long sable stole most becomingly.

Presently a rumor got itself afloat that the Emperor was not coming. The son of heaven had a cold but her Majesty the Empress would come, and might be expected at any moment. We made our way around to where the diplomatic corps was lined up inside a red silk rope barrier to await her Majesty's appearance, and there we unblushingly embraced an opportunity to stare unreservedly at all the foreign representatives and to make comments that were not all meant for our victims' ears. We tried to be harmless, however, and we ceased to make remarks altogether when a little party of very rude English navy people took their stand immediately behind us and began a conversation that more or less struck us dumb with astonishment and resentment. There is one characteristic for which, thank God, we Americans are celebrated among people who are able to appreciate it, and that is our innate and ineradicable respect for age. It makes no difference if a man or woman be black or white, brilliant or foolish, gray hairs are a sure armor for them against any sort of disrespect from one of us, and we resent the absence of this in others, I think, more than anything else, and especially do we resent the lack of it in young English people. But unfortunately they seldom display any evidence of it, as I think almost anybody who has met them abroad will testify. There was a poor, pathetic little old lady going around through the diplomatic party, speaking to this person and to that and conspicuously displaying a very remarkable costume. She had surely fashioned it herself, dear old soul, and her hat was so obviously and inartistically home-made that upon anybody else it would have been very funny, but upon her it was all right, and I failed to see why she should be the object of the vapid witticisms in which our English neighbors permitted themselves to indulge.

"Look at the old bird; she is attacking everybody!" exclaimed a tall young person in the King's naval uniform. "She might be a Russian!" giggled one of his girl companions. "And a loaded one at that!" gurgled another. "She's the rummest specimen I ever saw!" said the man. We listened to about as much more of this sort of thing as we were able to stand, but we were hemmed in by the people who were awaiting the arrival of the

Continued on page 540

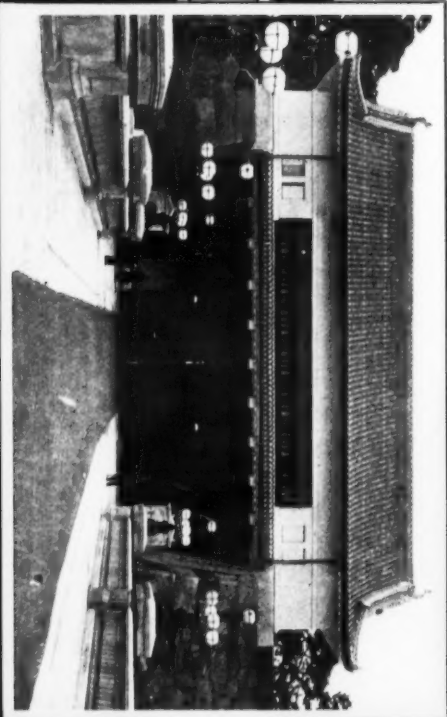
A GLASS of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.



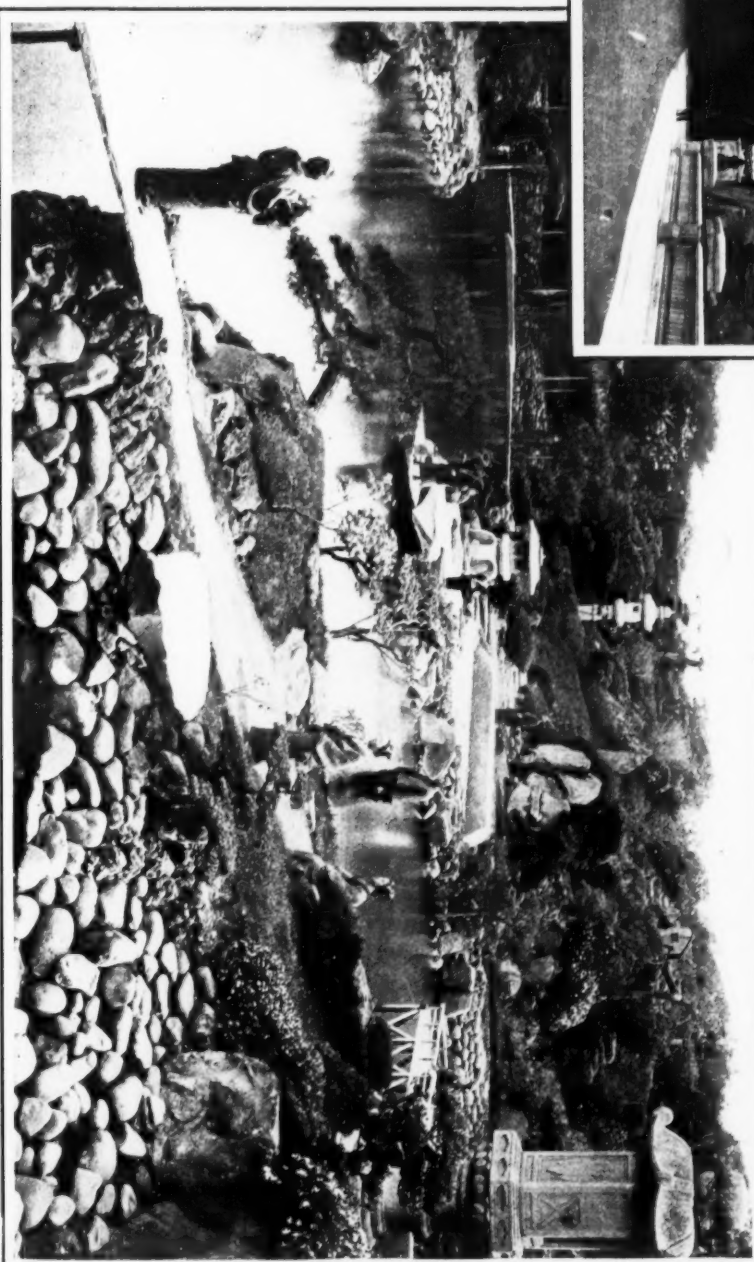
BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE GARDENING.



AN ENTRANCING SCENE WHERE TURQUOISE AND EMERALD HUES PREVAIL.



A LITTLE ZIGZAG LAKE IN THE MIDST OF TANGLED GREENERY.



ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE GARDEN AT TOKIO.

DELIGHTFUL CORNER OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE GARDEN.

MOST MAGNIFICENT GARDEN IN THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.

SUPERB TRIUMPHS OF THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER'S ART IN THE GROUNDS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT TOKIO.—*Photographs from Eleanor Franklin. See opposite page.*



The Home and the Household



IN ONE OF Lawrence Barrett's old plays a young man complains to an older one that he has fallen in love with a married woman.

"It is no common stroke," he says, in effect. "It is for all time. I have reason to think that she loves

Divorce in So-called "High Life"

me as well. It is the end of my happiness—for her husband is all right—and I can't see any

way to get a divorce." "Nonsense!" the elder man responds. "Keep away from her for six months. Go yachting and interest yourself in other things. There never was a love affair yet which six months' absence could not break up."

There is a saving dose of common sense in these cool and somewhat cynical remarks. When you find that your heart is warming toward one who belongs to another—or whom for any reason you ought not to love—go away and stay away.

In the shocking cases of perfidy and of unfaithfulness to the marriage vow among our wealthier classes, the root of the matter lies, as in so many other sorts of sin, in idleness. The absence of strenuous, compulsory occupation is in itself a temptation to crime. The idle man or woman whose sole interest in life is the pursuit of pleasure inevitably becomes sated with its different forms. All of the ingenuity which can be expended upon inventions of new sorts of food, new ways of serving, new entertainments, really avails little. After all is said and done, a banquet is only a banquet, a cotillon is only a cotillon, and even operas and theatres after a few years begin to seem strangely and dully alike. A new emotion, a new sensation—something which money cannot buy—this becomes the only fresh and desirable thing on earth.

Anybody who goes much into society must inevitably meet some persons who are peculiarly congenial. There are only a few rare and unworldly souls who do not, married or unmarried, from time to time encounter those who attract dangerously. It is possible that the full force of this affinity is not at first appreciated; but most human beings, even when very young, detect the first symptoms of rising passion. Then is the time to stop and to stop short, when a married man or woman is involved. Do not think that your emotions can be concealed. What is it that Shakespeare says? Something like this:

"A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon."

The only recourse is to flight, and, as the wise counselor remarked, "Six months"—or less—"of absence will generally cure the trouble."

High principle and a religious conception of duty are not, as a rule, operative among our pleasure-seekers. So-called "pleasure" and principle do not run well in harness together. But any man or woman who really desires the purity of society can easily enough detect the first beginnings of unlawful attraction and can, if desired, shake it off. The trouble is that in the midst of the desert of jaded nerves and stupid repetitions of old and worn-out delights, the fresh, new emotion is too welcome, too delicious. Renunciation and self-sacrifice are not popular among our fashionable set. The art of hating sin—sin which very likely dons the livery of Gabriel himself—has not been mastered by many of the rich and self-indulgent.

This is one chief reason for the prevalence of divorce among our wealthy leisure classes, those who "set the pace" for an enormous number of their fellow-citizens, and whose responsibility is proportional. A new St. Francis or a new Savonarola is needed to awaken and reform them—but where is he? Is it one good Alsatian pastor, with his "Simple Life"? Possibly. Time will tell.

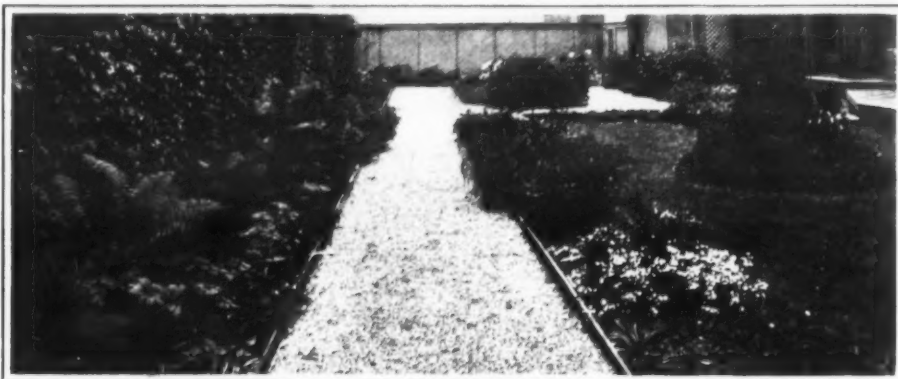
KATE UPSON CLARKE.

ONE OF the most charming garden schemes of the Atlantic coast is a bit of wildwood floriculture which flourishes in the very heart of the city of Troy, N. Y.

Wild Flowers Beautify City Yards

It is the property and special pride of Hon. George B. Warren, who for forty-six years has taken delight in the wild flowers of the Atlantic States, and his garden, which contains almost every variety native to this country, is well named the Arcady of Troy. Familiarity with wild flowers and plants that surround us has made us more or less blind to their decorative value for the home yard, although a few, like Mr. Warren—and each year the number is increasing—find a charm in a garden composed entirely of wild growths. At her country place at Hempstead, N. Y., Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has an abundance of wild flowering plants in which she takes great delight and

to which she devotes much time and personal attention. Whitelaw Reid also maintains a garden which takes one back to the wildwood, so great a variety, all growing in their natural state, does it contain. This spring there has been noted in the numerous window gardens along Fifth and Madison avenues, New York City, an occasional box devoted to wild



THE ATTRACTIVE WILD-FLOWER COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE B. WARREN, OF TROY, N. Y.—Shroder.

flowers, and now and then one will find a few scattered among the ferns in the conservatories.

The American garden of to-day—that is, the garden that one is compelled to notice and to talk about—is progressive and splendidly opulent. It has odors and wonderful colors, but these must have a setting. Art has been blended with nature in such a way that the garden is rendered a beautiful spot, but it cannot for one moment rival the unutterable charm of the wildwood, with its tangle of hues and scents, and green growing things which struggle and bend in their own sweet way, wholly innocent of symmetrical arrangement. The real charm of a garden, be it wild or domestic, is, after all, its companionship, and that charm can belong to a single flower growing in a pot in the back window, or a vine making its way toward the sun. To Americans living in the large cities the danger of over-artificiality, of utter divorce from nature, is very great, and it is wonderful how a few plants on the roof, in the window or the back yard, will take one back to the days when life was very sweet and the hours long. True, it takes some time and more or less exertion to carry soil to the top of the house, or to spade up the back yard, which in the average city home is a most desolate spot, but it is worth while, for nothing is more refreshing than growing plants in spring. Almost any one, with care and patience, could cultivate a few wild flowers, and there is a charm about the frail, modest little growths, with their exquisite daintiness, that cannot be equaled in the most expensive green-house productions.

Those who are fortunate enough to obtain ingress to the back-yard garden of Mr. Warren are initiated into a world of delicate beauty and an atmosphere fragrant with spring odors. Going from a busy street to this collection of wildwood treasures is like transition to another world. Blossoms of every variety are given both room and attention. Delicate anemones vie with trilliums, and big clumps of meadow rue emphasize the garden symphony of color by their assertive refinement. Wild violets, Johnny-jump-ups, Dutchman's breeches, lady's slippers, and many other beautiful little flowers, so familiar to our youthful days, flourish under the tender and loving care of Mr. Warren.

ONE OF the most capricious women on the dramatic stage, and also one of the highest salaried of any nationality in the profession, is little Wah Mi Wong, the Chinese actress, the only woman of her race in



MISS WAH MI WONG, THE ONLY CHINESE ACTRESS IN AMERICA, PLAYING ON THE MOON HARP.

this country who makes a business of acting. Miss Wong is now playing a star engagement in the Chinese theatre of New York City, and so great an attraction is she to the Celestial mind that Chinamen from Philadelphia and Boston come all the way to New

York to see her. She is to all appearances an unpretentious bit of humanity, with nothing to indicate that she has had years of training, and that hidden away in her small head are some twenty-five or thirty plays complete, any one of which she can take up immediately without rehearsal. As a matter of fact, the Chinese actors do not rehearse, and they very often do not even know until late in the afternoon the play to be selected for the performance which begins at seven in the evening. They are supposed to be letter perfect in all the standard dramas, and acting without a rehearsal is thought to add natural-

ness in depicting the various characters. Miss Wong created a sensation by appearing in the Jackson Street Theatre, of San Francisco, five years ago. When she took it into her head to play in New York she gathered up her hundreds of newspaper clippings, sent them to the American manager of the New York Chinese theatre, W. J. Cavanaugh, and also stated the terms upon which she would appear in the metropolis. They were very high; nevertheless they were accepted, and now Wah Wong is nightly filling the Chinese Opera House, and times are prosperous for all concerned.

In her tiny two-room apartment over the theatre in the Chinese quarter Wah Wong received the writer with a pretty, broken-English welcome, accompanied by a bowl of delicious tea. Although in the plays she reads her lines in a high falsetto voice peculiar to the Chinese actor, she has a soft, well-modulated conversation voice which she uses to good advantage, for she talks well upon many subjects, and especially the drama. Her face is round, with irregular features—a face which does not photograph well, but which is attractive in its varying expressions, unusual to one of her nationality. Like her American sister in the profession, she knows the art of dress, and her wardrobe abounds in the softest of soft lavenders and sage greens, old rose, and dull blues, all of Chinese cut, although there are also a few American dresses to wear on special occasions. During the call Wah Wong sang, to the accompaniment of a Chinese *yung kum*, or moon harp, a plaintive love story of a slave girl, the theme of which she explained as she finished each verse.

One of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the little actress's quaint room is a somewhat elaborate joss. Before this venerated altar Wah Wong bows her head three times, murmuring prayers and sometimes offering rice, wine, or a spray of cedar with fruit or flowers, to insure success for the evening's performance. Chinese actors, like actors the world over, are firm believers in luck, and what certain jewels or rabbit's feet are to the American queens of the stage, the evening supplication to the "Theatrical Joss" is to Wah Wong.

In the course of the interview she brought out a clipping from a Shanghai newspaper which states that the salaries of Chinese star actors have risen during the last few years to such an extent that while formerly the monthly wage ranged from \$600 to \$800, it has now more than doubled, and ranges all the way from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a month. This information interested her greatly, and she commented upon the fact that few American actors receive such an amount. About the American drama Wah Wong was non-committal, although she ventured to say that in the American plays too little is left to the imagination, and that Chinese plays, the acting of which is mostly pantomime, "without scenery or anything to help them along, appeal to the intelligence and hold the interest of one who understands the language, more than a modern drama, with every situation pictured and explained, could possibly do." HARRIET QUIMBY.

Eczema for Eight Years.

FELT AS IF BURNING UP FROM ITCHING AND PAIN.
SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA.

"CUTICURA cured me of a terrible eczema from which I had suffered agony and pain for eight years, being unable to obtain any help from the best professional treatment. My scalp and face were covered with sores, and I felt as if burning up from the itching and pain. Cuticura gave me relief the very first day, and made a complete cure in a short time. My head and face are now clear and well." (Signed) Miss Mary M. Fay, 75 West Main Street, Westboro, Mass.



TAKING THE SPIES, BLINDFOLDED, IN JINRICKISHAS, TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.



DOOMED SPIES BOUND TO LOW CROSSES, AND THE EXECUTION SQUAD FIRING AT THEM.



GHAETLY SCENE—EXAMINING THE RIDDLED BODIES OF THE EXECUTED SPIES TO MAKE SURE THAT LIFE WAS EXTING.

HARSH FATE OF CAPTURED MILITARY SPIES IN THE EAST.

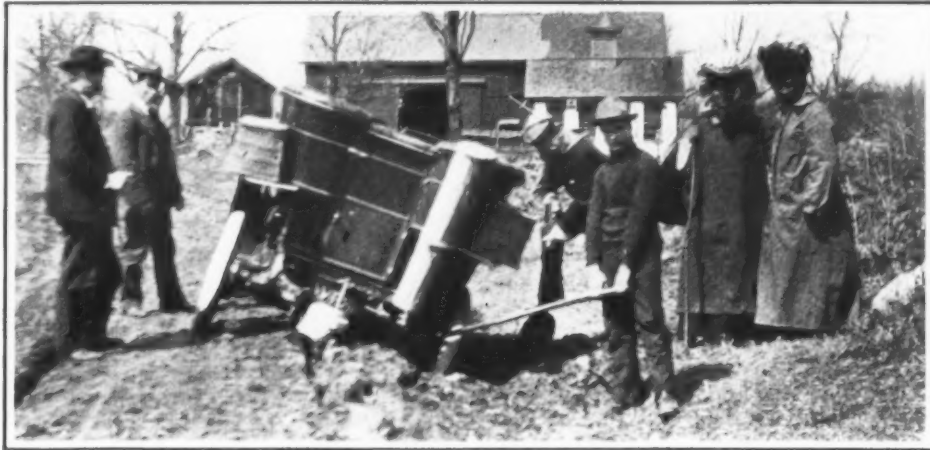
THREE KOREANS, EMPLOYED AS SPIES BY THE RUSSIANS, DETECTED BY THE JAPANESE AND SUMMARILY PUT TO DEATH.

Photographs from Eleanor Franklin.

THE MAN IN THE AUTO



TRYING TO PATCH UP A PUNCTURED TIRE.



THE MACHINE OFF THE ROAD AND WITH TWO WHEELS IN A RUT.



PUSHING ALONG A DISABLED MOTOR CAR.

TRIBULATIONS AND TOILS OF THE AUTOMOBILIST.—Photographs by W. P. S. Earle.

THE RAINY May-day parade in New York did not, as was expected, show the numerical power of the automobile, but, paradoxical as it may seem, the opening of the new Belmont running-horse track at Queens, Long Island, did, for not the least interesting feature of the opening of Belmont Park was the gathering there of automobiles. Never in America have so many motor vehicles aggregating so vast a cost been assembled. No less than five hundred and forty automobiles, carrying upward of two thousand persons, made the journey to the track. The estimated cost-price of the machines was more than two and a half million dollars, of which the greater part was borne by cars of foreign construction. In the main parking inclosures 365 automobiles were counted before the first race had been started on the track, while in other portions of the grounds and outside the gates 175 self-propelled vehicles were stationed. In the old days of Jerome Park, and in the more recent ones of other famous race courses, it was considered one of the sights of the occasion to watch the packing of the coaches, which were seldom more than eight or ten in number. Compare this with more than five hundred automobiles, costing all prices up to \$20,000, and the impressiveness of the gathering may be realized. The managers of the Union Ferry Company, which operates all the ferries on the East River, say that over 1,500 automobiles crossed their different ferries on Belmont day, to which must be added those crossing by the two bridges and those from Long Island also; hence, it is safe to say that over 2,000 automobiles turned out that day.

TWO LITTLE motor runabouts, propelled by single-cylinder gasoline engines of seven horse-power each, started some time ago, on a transcontinental race of nearly thirty-five hundred miles from New York to Portland, Ore. Both are Oldsmobiles of the curved-dash type, and their drivers are Dwight B. Huss, of Detroit, and Percy Megargel, of Buffalo—both experienced tourists of endurance-run fame. To the first arriving at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exhibition in Portland, will be given a prize of \$1,000, while the second finisher will receive his car. The start was made from the Waldorf-Astoria in the presence of quite a crowd of lookers-on. The vehicles are expected to arrive at their destination in time to be exhibited at the good roads convention which opens there on June 21st. The route is via Poughkeepsie, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Davenport, Des Moines, Omaha, Cheyenne, and Boise to Portland. The cars are traveling on a forty-day schedule, or an average of more than eighty-five miles a day. With Huss is Milton Wigle in "Old Scott," and with Megargel is Barton Stanchfield in "Old Steady," those being the names the two runabouts have been given. The only freight carried is a few boxes of cigars, extra clothing, and repair kits. The gasoline capacity will carry both machines 150 miles without refilling. It is understood that the two machines will travel together for the sake of company and assistance in case of accident until the Rocky Mountains have been crossed, when the real race will begin to the finish line. James W. Abbott, of the Pacific coast division of the office of Public Road Inquiries, Department of Agriculture, is preceding the tourists by train, stopping off at main points at which they will touch, to make arrangements for their care and to receive road reports from them. By means of the race he hopes to interest various localities in the West in the necessity for improved highways. The transcontinental record by automobile is thirty-three and a half days, accomplished last year by L. L. Whitman, in a twelve-horse-power air-cooled Franklin. That record was made over the longer route from San Francisco to New York. The run of the Oldsmobiles will be the first from the east coast to the west coast. A great deal of interest is felt in automobile circles in this long-distance contest, and a number of wagers have been made on the result.

DR. JAMES McMANUS, of Brooklyn, gives the automobile great credit as an agent for the improvement of health. His views are as follows:

"As a curative agent the automobile has a peculiar value, in certain abnormal conditions of the nervous system more especially. In cases of nervous depression, the exhilaration induced by a run in a motor-car is most beneficial; the circulation is improved, the blood purified by the more rapid respiration of fresh air; and even in cases of pronounced insomnia, regular and refreshing sleep is obtained. In a word, the effects of motoring are stimulative and tonic. In the otherwise difficult and laborious task of removing a patient who lives far inland to the most suitable seaside place, the automobile is of almost incalculable benefit by rendering unnecessary those

French team—Five cars nominated by the Automobile Club of France, to be selected from competitors in the French eliminatory trials for the International Cup race. German team—Five Mercedes cars of 120 horse-power each, nominated by the Automobile Club of Germany; one of the cars is owned by Robert Graves, of New York. Italian team—Five Fiat cars, nominated by the Automobile Club of Turin, and entered by Hollander & Trangeman, of New York; three of 120 horse-power and two of ninety horse-power each. American team—To be chosen from two Locomobiles, two Pope-Toledos, two Mathewsons, Franklin, Royal Tourist, Christie, Premier, Thomas Flyer, Haynes, and White.

The American eliminatory trial is likely to be in the form of a race over a Long Island course early in August. The cup race itself will probably take place on Long Island on October 7th. Several routes are under consideration by the cup commission, including the triangular course over which the first Vanderbilt race took place, and a twenty-five mile course farther north, which includes more grades than the triangular, and over which the contest might be held without controls or neutralized territory.



COUNT CASSINI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, LATELY TRANSFERRED FROM WASHINGTON TO MADRID, RIDING AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL IN HIS AUTOMOBILE.
L. M. Clinton.

fatiguing changes of train, waits at junctions, and getting in and out of cabs which so often render a journey a torture and may jeopardize the patient's chances of recovery. Finally, the automobile immensely increases the efficiency of medical service, more especially in country districts, where delay in summoning the doctor, or delay in the latter's attendance by even so little as a few minutes, may (as in cases of hemorrhage, choking, drowning, etc.) mean death to a patient who might easily have been saved."

IN PARIS the authorities have declared the following regarding the use of automobiles:

1. Application of common rights to chauffeurs, and that infringement of the rules shall be punished, not with imprisonment, but with fines, though any chauffeur causing an accident may, if it be thought advisable, be deprived of his certificate, or the certificate may be totally suppressed in serious cases.
2. That the speed of automobiles shall not be unnecessarily limited and restricted even in cities, but that the driver shall stop immediately on a signal from a policeman. That a regulation speed be indicated for crowded thoroughfares and cross-roads.
3. That proofs of thorough knowledge of driving and understanding an automobile be required from a driver before delivery of certificates.
4. To insist on effective silencers for all automobiles, and to stop and caution all drivers whose automobiles are giving off bad smells.
5. That the policemen charged with the duty of specially regulating automobile traffic should also be the holders of certificates denoting their aptitude for this employment.
6. That no automobile should use acetylene for the lamps.
7. That the signals of the different vehicles should be limited and defined, as, for instance, horns for automobiles, bells for bicycles, and gongs for trams.
8. That all vehicles shall keep to the right, and that pedestrians should keep as much as possible to the pavement, and not be allowed to walk along the roads.

THIRTEEN automobiles will try for places on the American team of five in the Vanderbilt Cup race. Entries closed Monday, May 15th, with nominations from four nations, and thirteen entries for the American team. The complete entry-list follows:

THE FIRST tour for the Charles J. Glidden trophy will start from New York on July 11th and continue for two weeks under the management of the touring committee of the American Automobile Association. The Glidden commission at its recent meeting decided that the affair should be a combination pleasure run and contest. Therefore the touring committee, in its rules governing the run, will outline a tour that will not be too trying on the participants, and still will provide for a good test of the vehicles engaged in the 1,000-mile trip. Each day the participants will be required to start within specified hours, and will be called upon to finish each night before a certain hour. The route, as at present outlined, calls for stops at Hartford, Boston, and Portsmouth, with four days in the White Mountains, during two of which the tourists will have an opportunity of attending the "climb to the clouds" up Mount Washington. The return will be by way of Nashua, N. H., Worcester, and Lenox, Mass., and Poughkeepsie. It is possible that while

in the mountainous country some sort of a special hill-climb will be arranged for the tourists. In this event, as in the tour itself, the question of speed will not count in favor of a car, since the test will be utilized simply for the purpose of meeting one of the conditions of ordinary touring.

IN THE reliability trials between Paris and Toulon, just completed, the Oldsmobile Standard runabout won first place in its class, handily defeating its competitors, among them being such well-known cars as Richard-Brasier and De Dion-Bouton. The trial was a difficult one, including in its course over thirty miles of very hilly country. The Oldsmobile which won this much-coveted prize is the latest runabout of the curved-dash variety, so well known all over the world, and practically the only American car which has been widely used in France in competition with the famous French makes. The car, during the trials, was under the management of Henri Fournier.

ALEX SCHWALBACH.

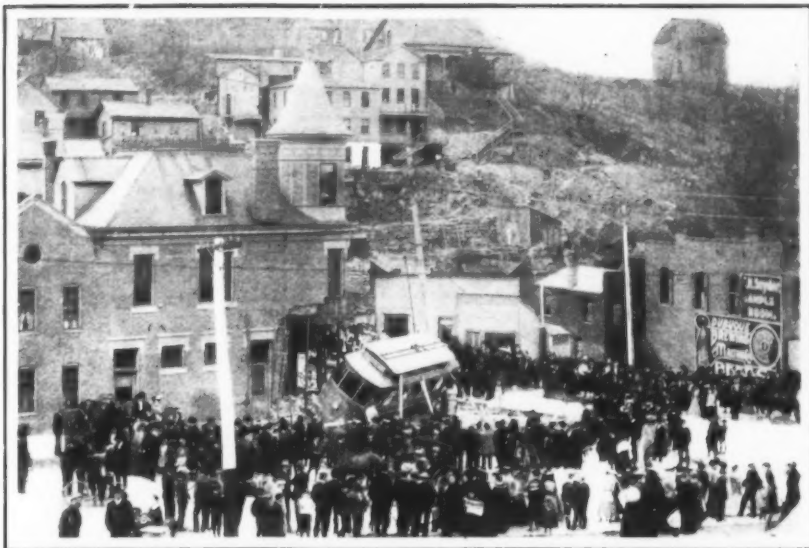
Working Too Hard.

WEAK, NERVOUS, AND RESTLESS?

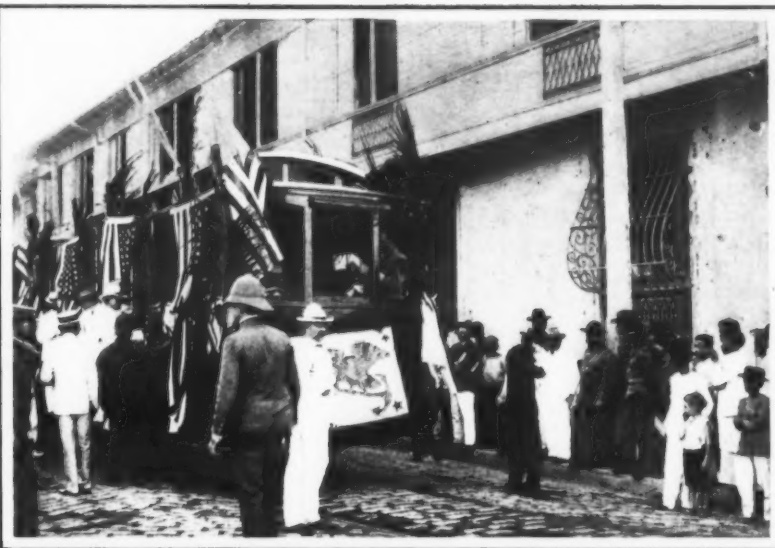
HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE restores strength, quiets the nerves, induces restful sleep. A most reliable constitutional tonic. Its benefits are lasting.

Many Foods

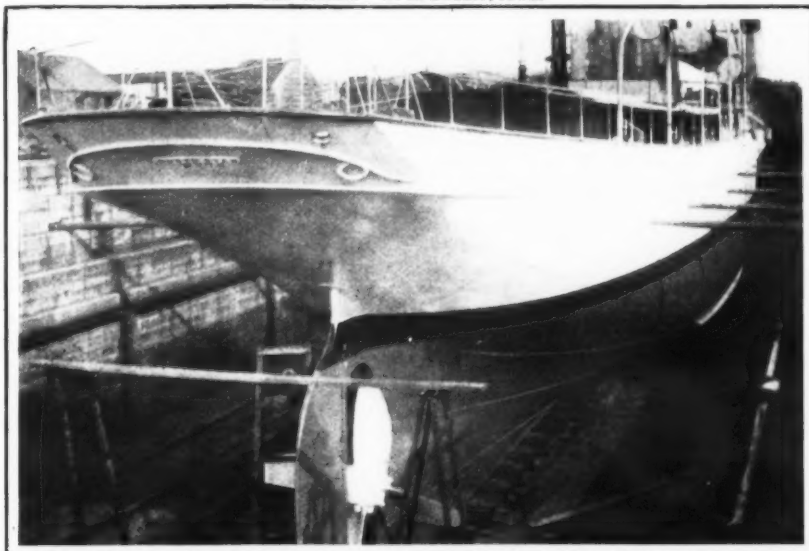
offered for new-born infants do not and cannot contain the valuable elements of milk required for the proper nourishment of the child. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is superior to other artificial foods, and its use prevents sickly, weak, and rickety children.



SINGULAR ACCIDENT AT DUBUQUE—FRONT OF STORE TORN OUT AND TELEPHONE POLE BROKEN BY A CAR WHICH DASHED MADLY DOWN HILL AND JUMPED THE TRACK.—W. A. Donner, Iowa.



INAUGURATION IN MANILA OF THE ELECTRIC-CAR SYSTEM, A THING FIRST OF AWE AND THEN OF DELIGHT TO THE NATIVES. 1. COMMISSIONER FORBES BOARDING THE FIRST CAR. 2. MR. KELLER, SUPERINTENDENT OF TRANSPORTATION.—Homer L. Bright, Philippine Islands.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MAGNIFICENT NEW OCEAN-GOING STEAM-YACHT "NORTH STAR" IN DRY-DOCK AT GREENOCK, ON THE CLYDE, SCOTLAND.
George Thow, Scotland.



"THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT"—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND DR. LAMBERT COMING BACK TO CIVILIZATION FROM THE HUNTING CAMP IN COLORADO.
Copyright, 1905, by C. E. Krueger, Colorado.



RAISING THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "WM. H. BARNES," RECENTLY SUNK IN THE HUDSON RIVER OFF INWOOD, MANHATTAN ISLAND.—Bruce Springmeour, New York.



RUINS OF A CHURCH AT MARQUETTE, KAN., WHERE A TORNADO WRECKED MANY BUILDINGS, KILLING TWENTY-SEVEN AND INJURING SIXTY PEOPLE.—C. M. Harger, Kansas.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE TESTED AT SANDY HOOK—REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE EXPLOSION BY ELECTRICITY OF 125 POUNDS OF MAXIMITE BURIED EIGHT FEET IN THE GROUND AND FURTHER COVERED WITH A GREAT MASS OF TIMBER.—SAND, TIMBER, AND STEEL WERE FLYING UPWARD AND ABOUT FOR HUNDREDS OF YARDS—THE SENIOR CLASS OF WEST POINT WITNESSED THE TEST.—Charles D. Heath, New York, who was nearly killed by the rain of missiles.

NEWS PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.

INTERESTING EVENTS OF THE TIME PICTURED IN RIVALRY BY SKILLED CAMERISTS, PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.



Colonel Greene, the Copper King, at Home



By Gilson Willets, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

CANANEA, MEXICO,
May 15th, 1905.

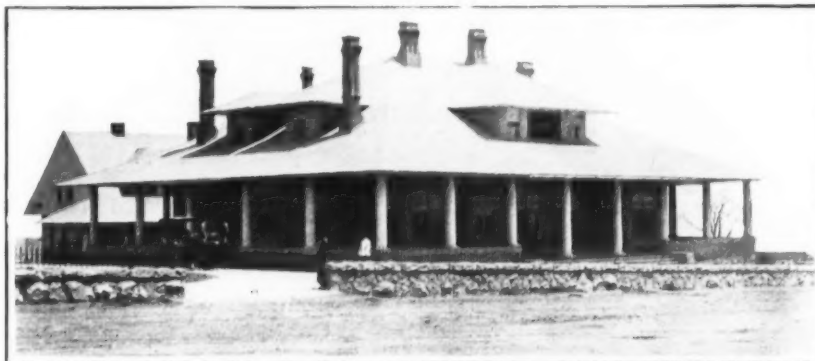
"JOIN GREENE at El Paso." So read a telegram to me at Galveston, Tex. Two days later I sat in the office of Judge A. B. Fall, the representative in El Paso of Greene Consolidated Copper, Gold-Silver, Land-Lumber, railroad and ranch, and other Greene interests. A dozen men filed into the office in a body—they had been lunching together. Out of that dozen I picked the man I was to "join." I had never before met him, never seen his photograph, never heard him described. Yet I knew him now as surely as I would have known the commander of an army by the stars on his shoulder-straps. Six-footer, massive of chest, keen eye of sure-shot, and looker into the future, latent readiness of one grown up on a horse, air of mastery in his walk, manner of the developed leader, features marked with the stress of thinking and doing, face of one who has suffered and endured, lost and triumphed, worked and won, a man head and shoulders above the million. That was Colonel William C. Greene, copper king, empire builder, cattle prince, lord of more acres than any other living man—who rose because he could not be downed.

That night we left El Paso in two private cars and a private baggage-car containing Greene's two Panhards. The party consisted of a score of wise men from the East, all brought to El Paso in Greene's private cars. There were United States Senators, Congressmen, State Governors, distinguished jurists, mining experts, and capitalistic headliners in financial news. Next morning, soon after sun-up, I was standing on the platform of one of the cars. Colonel Greene came out of the adjoining car, gazed a moment into distance, then cried, joyously: "Here's Douglass!" We were tearing through Cochise County, Arizona, where is not only Douglass, but also Tombstone, Bisbee, Naco, and other places of thirty years' association for Colonel Greene. These places still know Greene, his millions notwithstanding, as the plain man of the plains, the unvarnished man "with the bark on." Colonel Roosevelt wins the Western heart by going among Western men. How much closer the Western heart must be Colonel Greene who is still of the West!

There's this difference between Roosevelt and Greene. When Roosevelt goes West among the men "with the bark on" he is away from home. When Greene goes to the same place among the same men he is at home. He is truly at home only in the great Southwest, especially in Arizona and northern Mexico. Hence the gleeful cry: "Here's Douglass!" It was the cry of the Western boy, returning from the Eastern school. It meant "Here's home," home being anywhere in a Southwest region as big as all the New England and Middle States, with Cochise County, Arizona, as the nucleus. No man from Cochise County is ever refused a job at Greene's mines at



COLONEL GREENE, ON HORSEBACK, SUPERINTENDING THE EXTRICATION OF TWO PANHARDS STUCK IN A CREEK ON THE WAY TO HIS MEXICAN RANCH.



PICTURESQUE AND COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE OF COLONEL GREENE AT CANANEA, MEX.

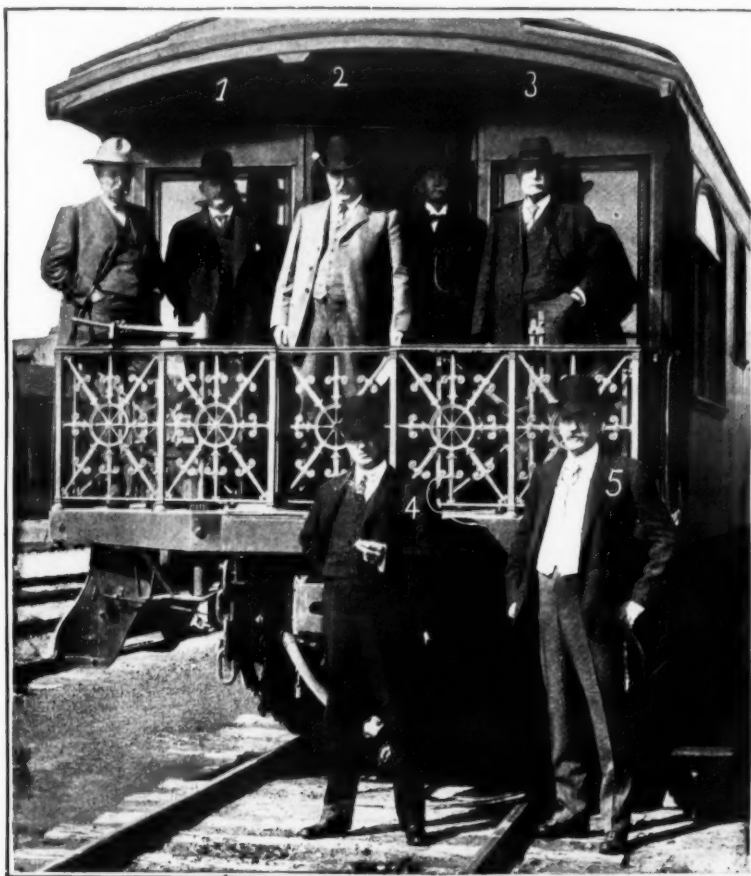
Cananea, state of Sonora, Mexico, forty-five miles from the border.

Westward ho! Theodore Roosevelt answered the

did for South
Paso with his
East he was



PARTY OF VISITORS WITH COLONEL GREENE (X) ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AT PUERTICITOS MINE, ONE OF THE PROPERTIES AT CANANEA OF THE GREENE CONSOLIDATED COPPER COMPANY.



FAMOUS COPPER KING, COLONEL GREENE, ON HIS SPECIAL CAR AT EL PASO, TEX., EN ROUTE WITH A PARTY OF FRIENDS TO HIS RICH MINES IN MEXICO.

1. Ex-Governor Harris, of North Carolina. 2. Colonel William C. Greene. 3. Ex-Governor Woodbury, of Vermont. 4. Congressman Blackburn, of North Carolina. 5. Colonel Parker, of Washington, D. C.—Photographed especially for Leslie's Weekly by the Humphries Photo Co.



THE COLONEL (X) SUPERINTENDING A "COW-BOY LUNCHEON" IN CAMP AT THE ROUND-UP—EX-GOVERNOR WOODBURY, OF VERMONT, AT RIGHT.

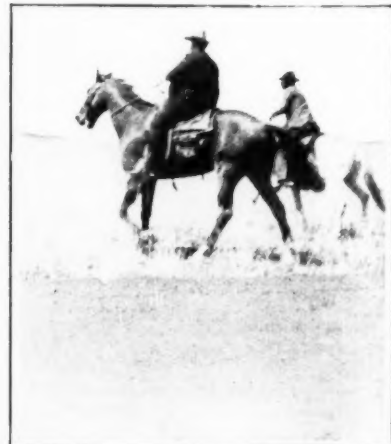
"call of the wild." In the wilderness he turned Nimrod, trailed the wild bear, also the wolf, to his lair. In the irrigated desert he chased the coyote and the jack rabbit. On the ranch he lived as the cow-puncher lived. By day he was the man-outdoors-on-horseback. At night he pillowed his head on his saddle, slept under

the stars, and awoke to the song of birds. He got close to the ground, communed at first hand with Nature in her visible forms. He was not the President—he was the man! So he endeared himself to the people-of-the-open. It was the triumph of manhood over high position and official accessories.

It was at that time that Colonel Greene was doing the same thing in a different way. He organized a hunt which the El Paso Herald said, truly, was second in importance only to the Roosevelt hunt. Before that, the El Paso chamber of commerce had given a banquet in honor of the copper king, whereat the brainiest citizens declared that Colonel Greene was doing for the Southwest what James J. Hill had done for the Northwest, what Cecil Rhodes did for South Africa. Then when Greene came to El Paso with his hunting party of notabilities from the called the Roosevelt of the world of mines, ranches, and railroads.

A few days later I beheld Colonel Greene even as a more complete part of his natural environment. A solitary horseman on a hill-top appeared in relief, like an equestrian statue, against the cloudless sky of northern Mexico. Miles to the rear of him were his two Panhards, stalled in a ditch. Also there was a stage-coach-in-waiting. Around the motor-cars were grouped the wise men from the East, all lending a hand in extricating the autos from durance vile that they might the quicker overtake the man on the hill-top. But the horseman gazed steadily to the front of him. Miles ahead he could see herds of tens of thousands of his own cattle. Around the herds darted little specks. It was the round-up; and the darting specks were the cow-punchers. How often that horseman on the hill-top had circled a-horse round just such a herd in just such an almighty setting of hills and plains. It was in the not long ago that he had been one of the boys, roping, branding, cutting-out by day, singing the silent night through as he rode round and round the bunch.

For unseen miles to the left of him were the Sierra Madre Mountains, marking the vast holdings of his Sierra Madre Land and Lumber Company, and of the mines of the Greene Gold-silver Company, and his splendid railway by which he was throwing open a new empire right down into the heart of the huntsman's paradise in the Sierra Madres. To the right of him, fifteen miles away, were the mountains of Cananea, and the town of the same name of his own building, and the great smelter and the wonderful concentrators, all these marking the greatest copper mines in the



THE COPPER KING ON HIS WAY TO THE ROUND-UP ON HIS EXTENSIVE RANCH, WHERE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF CATTLE GRAZE.



SWIFT THOROUGHBREED AGILE WINNING THE KENTUCKY DERBY AT LEXINGTON, KY.—HORSES PASSING THE STAND THE FIRST TIME.—Photograph from R. L. McClure



CAPTAIN PHILIPS, OF THE HARVARD LACROSSE TEAM.
Mrs. C. R. Miller.



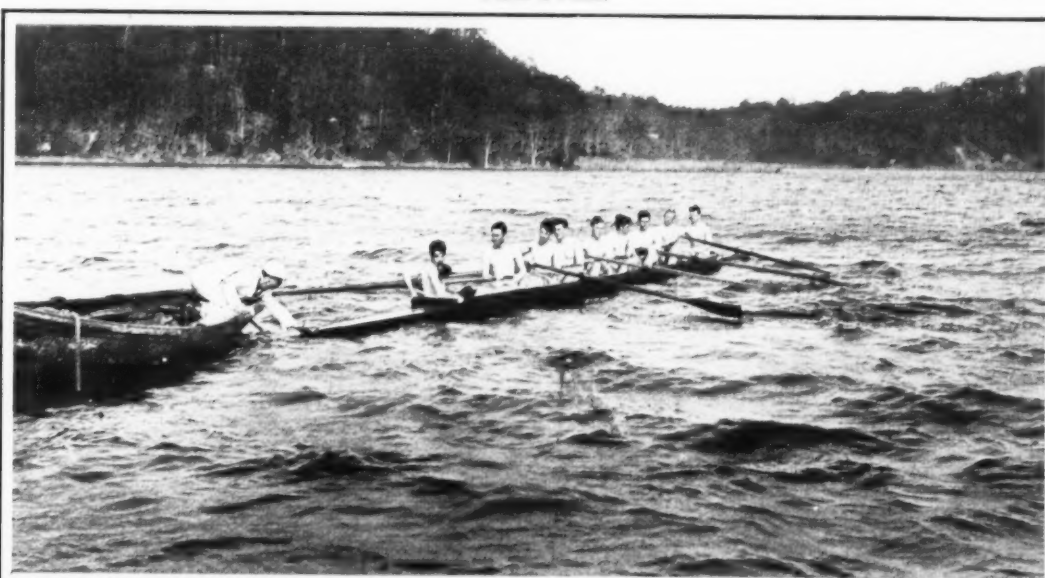
THE VESPER CREW OF PHILADELPHIA, WHICH WILL COMPETE IN THE COMING GREAT REGATTA AT HENLEY, ENG.
Peirce & Jones.



CAPTAIN BOYD, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA TRACK TEAM, PUTTING THE SHOT.—Earle.



SYMINGTON, CATCHER FOR NAVY IN BALL GAME WITH WEST POINT.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.



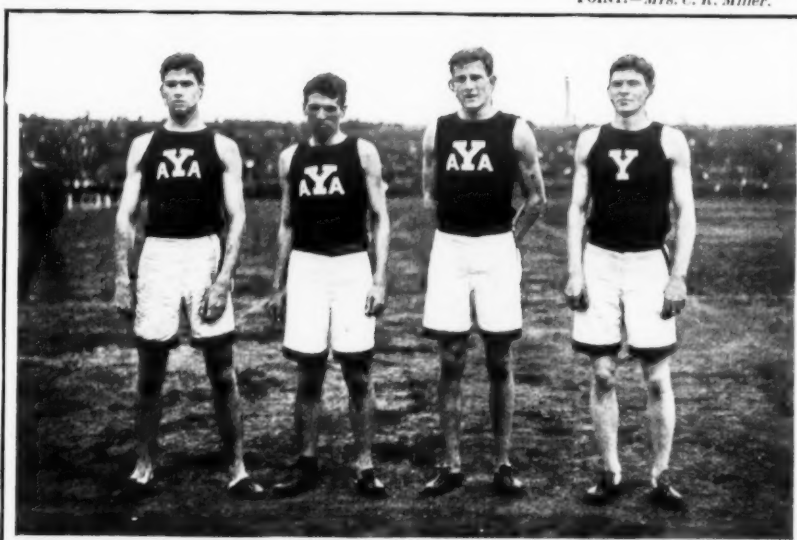
YALE BOAT CREW READY TO START IN A RACE WITH THE NAVAL ACADEMY CREW AT ANNAPOLIS.
Mrs. C. R. Miller.



NEEDHAM, PITCHER FOR NAVY WHEN LATTER BEAT WEST POINT.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.



AMERICAN WOMEN GOLFERS WHO COMPETE IN THE ENGLISHWOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT AT CROMER, SCOTLAND. RIGHT TO LEFT: MISS LOCKWOOD, MISS GRISCOM, MISS BISHOP, MISS ADAMS, MISS BURNET, MRS. BETTLE.—Brown Brothers.



YALE UNIVERSITY TWO-MILE RELAY TEAM WHICH COMPETE AT THE RECENT INTERCOLLEGIATE MEET IN PHILADELPHIA. LEFT TO RIGHT: ARMSTRONG, TILSON, MOORE, PARSONS.—Pictorial News Company.

FIGURES THAT CATCH THE EYE IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.
NOTABLES AND CHAMPIONS OF THE TURF, THE DIAMOND, THE FIELD, THE LINKS, AND THE ROWING COURSE.

world, and representing the horde of millions that was being wrenched from the mountains. All these things were the work of the solitary horseman. Those mountains he conquered. This valley he mastered. This desert he turned into a hive of industry. Of yonder city he was the Solomon. This ranch, bigger than an Eastern State, lay inside his own barbed wire. On every side, as far as eye could reach, were the visible signs of the material accomplishments of one more in the confidence of the Mexican government than any other living American, the man of a thousand important interests, whose personality dominated the whole region.

Now, we who reached the round-up ahead of the main party—we being Judge L. H. Hole, of New York, partner of Hon. Bird S. Coler, and myself—stood looking at the solitary horseman. We said little, but in that little we tacitly agreed that at that particular moment in that particular part of the world the man on the horse was not measured merely as the copper king, nor as the empire builder, nor as capitalist nor promoter. For this was a region where high position counts for no more than a dress-coat, where millions cannot purchase respect, where honors and titles are only words. Here a man became just a man. He was measured according to his manhood. Yonder horseman was respected and beloved by all people in the great Southwest because he was the most popular man as a man in that country. And along with the cow-punchers we spoke of the big man on the big horse as just plain "Bill" Greene.

An hour later the party arrived at the grub-wagon at the round-up, Colonel Greene in the lead. "Hello, Jack!" "Morning, Ike!" "How do, Jim!" were his greetings to the cowboys, who stretched out the warmest of welcoming hands. To his guests from the East he said, as he dismounted, "Gentlemen, here's your chance to enjoy a bit of real life." He broke a stick of wood from a cracker-box, whittled the end to a sharp point, jumped up on the grub-wagon, seized a piece of meat and fastened it to the stick, then laid the meat on the fire to broil. All the statesmen, jurists, and Croesuses did the same. "Now for the coffee," cried the colonel. And he got busy with a two-gallon coffee-pot. Meantime a huge pan of hot biscuits stood ready, and each statesman, man of law, and millionaire seized a biscuit that was nearer perfection than any that ever came from a Holland House or Waldorf kitchen. Suddenly clouds appeared in the sky, earth grew dark—it hailed—hailstones as big as pebbles. Congressman Blackburn, the only Republican representative from North Carolina, crawled under the grub-wagon. So did ex-Governor Harris, of the same State. United States Senator Latimer, of South Carolina, pulled his sou'wester hard down over his eyes. Ex-Governor Woodbury, of Vermont, with one sleeve hanging empty for the same reason that General O. O. Howard carries a similar empty sleeve, sought refuge in the stage-coach. So did Jacob Weidman, the silk-manufacturing magnate of Paterson, N. J. So did George W. Fairchild, vice-president of the Guardian Trust Company, of New York. So did Dr. E. N. Carpenter, of Fifty-seventh Street, who has more wealthy patients than any other specialist in nervous disorders in New York. So did Colonel Myron M. Parker, of Washington, one of the promoters of the World's Columbian Exposition and one-time master of Masons. The other men of millions and high place in the party stood out in the rain that followed the hail, drank hot coffee from tin cups, and got soaking wet. Then the sun came again and we all went over to the herd and watched the cow-punchers at their roping and cutting-out. Colonel Greene threw a rope himself, and was absolutely happy, because this was the "real life" he couldn't get in Wall Street, and because he was at home.

Yet amid these selfsame hills and plains, the man who now owns them all once roamed "broke" and hungry. At the El Paso banquet he said: "There is nothing we appreciate so much as the friendship of the men with whom we live, and I certainly appreciate your good will. For years I have experienced vicissitudes on the ragged edge of civilization, and have known what it is to be hungry. Therefore, I am all the better in a position to appreciate fully the friendship extended to me here." And what a lot of his old-time friends he met while we were with him in the Southwest! In that wonderful Copper Queen store in Bisbee, Ariz., I was standing beside the colonel when his eye lighted up with the glow of pleasure. A man had approached whose hand he now grasped, and introduced as his old partner, Captain Ellis, whom he had not seen for twenty-one years. Ellis told me later that he had been in many a fight with the Apaches under Geronimo, side by side with Colonel Greene. Those were in the days when the colonel was accumulating the scars with which his body is covered. For eighteen years, as a Southwest pioneer, he was lost to the knowledge of his friends in the East. And during that time eighteen of his pals and partners lost their lives in Indian fights. While we were at the round-up above described, Captain Ellis pointed to a knoll, saying: "Years ago Greene passed there with two companions. Suddenly the two companions were shot dead, ambushed by Apaches. Greene, behind his horse, killed three Apaches and wounded two, and the remainder fled. Then he strapped his two dead pals to his saddle and carried the bodies twelve miles into town."

To his old-time friends in the Southwest he is, indeed, William the Lion Heart. Said a section hand on his railroad, who knew him in the long ago: "He's the same old Bill—no different now that he is rich—not stuck-up—just as good to his old friends." In

Arizona his generosity has become a proverb. "Man never had a more loyal friend," said the editor of the *Bisbee Daily Review*. "When least expecting it, those who have been close to him in the past and are numbered in his mind as his friends are the recipients of favors of such substantial nature as to almost stagger them." At Bisbee I myself heard a man say to Colonel Greene: "I'm broke. Let me have a few hundred." And the colonel's hand went into his pocket. Again, in the same town, as the colonel was about to board his car, a man said to him: "I want to get to Cananea and I haven't a cent." Greene took out a roll, tore off two of the bills, and handed them to the man, looking neither at the money nor the man. But all the same the colonel knew him. At Douglass a man said to him: "I have met you before—don't you remember me?" and "braced" him for a loan. Greene said: "Yes! I know you, though we haven't met for seventeen years. The last time we met you arrested me, charging me with taking two steers over the border from Mexico into the States. The judge acquitted me, and you were the marshal or the sheriff." Such is the marvelous memory of this man of multitudinous affairs. Captain Garrett, collector of customs at El Paso, said: "I first met Greene in Kansas, thirty years ago, when we were both buffalo hunters. No man in his reach could want if 'Bill' Greene had the means of alleviating his sufferings. He and some pals were once overcome in the desert by thirst. Greene and another pushed forward, found a water-hole, killed an antelope, and carried water in its skin back to their dying comrades. He is now fifty-four years old, and it is doubtful if the man lives who ever did him a favor whom he has not repaid a thousand-fold since prosperity has sought him."

One member of the hunting party, who has traveled much with Colonel Greene in his recent million-dollar years, told me this story of pure grit. "We were driving together in Arizona. Greene got out of the wagon to water the horses. Suddenly he said: 'Didn't know that mare weighed so much.' He got back into the wagon, took off his boot, revealing a bloody foot. His big toe was smashed—the mare had stepped on it. Greene tore off the quivering toe-nail, bound the wound in cotton which he took from his bag, cut a hole in the boot, and drove on, telling stories and singing just as if he were not suffering the most excruciating pain. At noon-time we stopped to rest. Greene jumped down from the top of the wheel, unharnessed the horses, rolled himself in his blanket, and went to sleep. That night we arrived at a town, and Greene spent the evening walking round the plaza talking to friends. All the time he must have suffered acute agony. But he gave no sign."

In Wall Street the same grit is with him. A friend came to his office to go to luncheon with him. As they were about to leave the office Colonel Greene was handed a telegram. He read it, carefully folded it, and put it in his pocket. Luncheon lasted over an hour. At its conclusion the colonel said, calmly: "You must excuse me now. It is one-thirty, and before three I must raise a quarter of a million dollars." A bank had called a call loan unexpectedly and contrary to promise. But no man ever "called" Colonel Greene when he was not ready and the loan was paid. He is an optimist, with a firm faith in human nature. He once gave a man full power of attorney. His lawyer protested, saying that the man who held that power could ruin him. Greene replied: "Well, then, if I can't trust him for everything I won't trust him for anything." And the power of attorney remained.

While we were in Cananea Colonel Greene took us in a "special" for a ride over the fifteen-mile narrow-gauge railway that connects all the different mines forming Greene Consolidated. With that road he has literally harnessed the mountains to the canyons. It is one of the most remarkable narrow-gauge roads, viewed from an engineering viewpoint in the mining world. At the end of the run we reached the Puertitos mine, the first and original of the Consolidated properties. There was an old 'dobe house—it was there that the colonel lived years ago when he worked as a miner in that selfsame mine. On a hill overlooking Cananea, however, there is a beautiful house, such as one would see at Newport. There lives Mrs. Greene—the most charming of hostesses—and three of the sweetest, rosiest, healthiest children in all the land of outdoors. In that home, far from the mainland of civilization, Colonel Greene has put every artistic luxury of a Newport villa. And in that home, sweet home, abides the great heart of the man of big interests. He is a Mason of high standing, but fraternal matters as well as club and purely social affairs receive little of his attention. Every moment he can spare from his multiplicity of businesses is given to his home.

Though now most at home in the West, William C. Greene is Eastern born—in Westchester County, N. Y. His grandfather and great-grandfather owned the most of Orange County. He comes of the best stock. He was educated at private schools, and at Chappaqua College, not far from the old country seat of Horace Greeley. As a lad of sixteen he worked in a mercantile house in New York City until he acquired the wherewithal to go West. Thirty years later he reappeared in New York, where, unaided and alone, he enlisted the interest of capitalists in his copper mines at Cananea and other mining properties, and successfully organized and launched the Greene Con. Copper. To-day he says: "The West should look upon the East as a child looks upon the parent. For the money for our enterprises in the West comes from the East."

During that thirty years in the West he first of all found employment with a surveying party on the

Northern Pacific Railroad. The work was too slow for his ambitious spirit. So he staked out a town site on which to-day stands Fargo, N. D. On that town site he first entered upon the business of cattle-raising, a business he has never forsaken. To-day he ranches some eight million acres with more than one hundred and forty thousand cattle on the hoof. It is said that some twenty years ago he declared that he would some day own the greatest copper mine and the greatest gold mine on earth. With the finding of the Massey mine, which is reported to be the largest single body of copper ore in the world, this being one of the Consolidated mines at Cananea, he has attained his ambition in respect to the greatest copper mine on earth. And the greatest gold mine, too, is in sight. For he is extending his Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific Railroad through the timber lands and gold districts of northern Mexico.

Such is the copper king at home. Such is the empire builder, who is doing for the Southwest what James J. Hill did for the Northwest. Such is the remarkably interesting man who has the unflinching confidence of thousands of men of means. Such is this "Roosevelt of the mining world," who at this moment of writing is attending strictly to the business of answering the "call of the wild," in pursuing big game in a huntsman's paradise on his very own land in the Sierra Madres, in living in the open, sleeping under the stars, and awaking to the song of birds, with a score of wise men of the East as his guests, with statesmen and jurists and capitalists trying their best to be men and nothing else—just unveneered men "with the bark on," like their great-hearted and cool-headed host, who is most at home when he is closest to earth, the first of mothers.

The Emperor of Japan's Garden Party.

Continued from page 538.

Empress, so there was no escape, but finally a young American with us said, loudly and pointedly: "Well, her white hair at least ought to protect her from any such unmanly and unwomanly ridicule." And when he said it, there was a little white line around his mouth that would have boded no good to the King's naval uniform in any other place, but the remark evidently landed, for the conversation suddenly ceased, and in a few moments the Empress was seen approaching. Her Majesty came across a long bridge over the lake, and was in our midst almost before we realized that she was so near. Before her walked the grand master of ceremonies, Baron Sannomiya, bowing to the right and to the left, and turning to walk backward at intervals and bow before her Majesty. And what a wee, pathetic little Empress it is! No wonder the people worship her. She wore a pale-yellow silk gown that trailed limply on the ground behind her, and as she walked along she hesitated at every other step to slightly incline her head in acknowledgment of the deep bows of the guests and of the ladies and gentlemen of the diplomatic corps.

Her face is worn and old and wears a look of infinite sadness, but even the snow-white liquid powder with which it was covered failed to hide the stamp of absolute dignity that sat upon her brow. Her clothes are impossible, of course, and she is a wee, delicate little woman, who, were she not an Empress, would excite one's tenderest regard; but she is every inch an Empress, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world, as she passed, with her smileless little bows, to drop one's head and think the thought, "Your Majesty." I'm afraid I should never feel that way about the Emperor. I was so sorry he did not come. They say that it would be unseemly to even think the thought of measuring the imperial person, and that in consequence thereof the imperial trousers do fit most

Continued on page 539.

Feed You Money.

FEED YOUR BRAIN, AND IT WILL FEED YOU MONEY AND FAME.

"EVER since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly."

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business."

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet."

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change; that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and the indigestion that used to follow my meals; that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased, showing that those organs had been healed, and that my nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency. Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past."

"After my old-style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I have begun to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Talks On Advertising

Why Some Advertisers grow Wealthy while Others Fail

SIXTY PER CENT of all Advertisers fail! Because, they spend their money for *Space*, under the delusion that *Space*, filled with anything "Catchy" is "Advertising."

They believe that "Money Talks" in Advertising, even when it says nothing.

They forget that *Space* costs the same whether we fill it with Pictured Nothings or with enduring *Convictions*.

And, the difference, in *results*, between two kinds of "copy," costing the same for *space*, in a *single* advertisement, has often exceeded 80 per cent, as our records on tests prove.

General Advertisers, who have no means of *tracing* direct results, and who spend their money for "General Publicity," will smile at this.

But, Mail Order Advertisers *know* it is true.

The "1900 Washer Co." of Binghamton, N. Y., or the Wilson Ear Drum Co. of Louisville, for instance, could afford to smile at Advertisers who *doubt* its being true.

These are the kind of Advertisers to whom Advertising is not a blind *speculation*, but systematic *eye-open investment*.

Their records show the precise cost of every *inquiry* for their goods through advertising, because their every Advertisement in every Medium is separately keyed.

They can thus gauge accurately the relative *earning power* of each separate bit of copy published at their expense, and of each medium in which that copy has been inserted.

They thus *know* what kind to *avoid*, as well as what kind to use.

Please note that the Lord & Thomas definition of "General Publicity" is "Keeping the name before the people." When we speak of "General Advertising" we mean copy which sells goods through the Retailer. This latter class of advertising constitutes three-fourths of our business.

And note also that we are NOT "advising" General Advertisers to GO INTO MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

WE DO, however, strongly insist that all Copy for GENERAL ADVERTISING should possess as much positive SELLING FORCE and CONVICTION as it would NEED to actually and profitably SELL Goods direct BY MAIL.

Here is the actual experience of a well-known national Advertiser, who sells a \$5.00 article by mail only.

This Advertiser has proved that a certain fixed average per cent of his *Inquiries* convert into direct sales through his "follow-up" system.

Each *Inquiry* is therefore worth a certain fixed price to him which he can pay with profit.

One single piece of copy has been run for that Advertiser, practically *without change*, in all mediums used, for over two years. About \$200,000 has been spent in *repeated* publication of that single bit of copy. Why?

Because, it produced *results* (*Inquiries*) at lower cost than any other copy ever run for them in eight years, until lately.

The first month *Inquiries* from it cost (say) 85 cents each.

Repetition, for two years, wore out some of its interest, so that *Inquiries* from it finally cost an average of (say) \$1.00 each.

New "copy" had been tried a great many times, written by many different ad-smiths, but no other ad ever produced the *Inquiries* at less than \$2.85 average, till lately.

Some of the copy that *looked* good enough to try, cost \$14.20 per *Inquiry*. And that was better looking copy than half of what fills "General Publicity" space in costly mediums at this very minute.

Consider what the knowledge derived from a large collection of certified data, like the above, means when

placed at the disposal of General Advertisers who now "go it blind" on copy.

If the \$5.00 article had been sold through Retailers, in the usual way, without accurate means of checking *results* from every advertisement it is more than probable that the \$14.20 kind of copy would have been used continuously.

Because, that was the "catchy" kind, so much in favor at this very minute with "General Publicity" Advertisers.

And, it would have been considered *good* copy so long as the *salesmen* did its work in addition to their own, the General Results being credited in a general way to "General Publicity."

But,—it would clearly have required *fourteen times* as much of that "\$14.20 kind" of alleged "Advertising" to produce the same amount of *selling effect* upon the public as the "85 cent kind" of copy (which averaged about \$1.00 per *inquiry* over the two years) actually *did* produce.

Let us figure this out more conclusively:

The Blank Company spent about \$75,000 per year, for *space*, with copy producing *Inquiries* at about \$1.00 average.

It would thus have cost them about fourteen times as much, or \$1,050,000 per year, to sell as many of their \$5.00 articles through the \$14.20 kind of "catchy" copy as it actually *did* cost them to sell the same quantity with the \$1.00 average kind of copy.

Good Reader, get that thought clearly into your mind, for we're talking cold *facts* now,—facts we can verify to any prospective client.

What was it worth to the Blank Company to get a new advertisement which would pull *Inquiries* at the old rate of 85 cents each, when their most successful copy had worn out, after two years' use, so that *Inquiries* were finally costing them \$1.25 average?

Figure it out and you'll see that *one* single piece of such copy would be worth a third of their \$75,000 yearly appropriation, viz., \$25,000.

Because, it would add a third to what their appropriation is solely spent for, viz., *Inquiries* for their goods.

But Lord & Thomas "Reason-why" Copy did better than that, when applied.

It reduced the cost of *Inquiries*, for the self-same \$5.00 article, to *41 cents average*, during all the months it has been running.

Now Reflect what similar treatment with *your* appropriation would mean to *you*, Mr. Advertiser!

The earning power of every dollar *trebled* by the mere substitution of Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper" for the best copy the Advertiser had in ten years prior to that substitution.

An Advertising appropriation of \$75,000 made equal in *proven earning power* to what \$225,000 *would* have earned, with the copy which preceded it and which was producing *Inquiries* at \$1.25.

That single piece of Lord & Thomas copy, now running practically *without change* for about four months, has in that time produced approximately 60,976 *Inquiries*. These are *worth* \$1.25 each to the Advertiser, or \$91,464 in all, though we reduced their cost to 41 cents each with an actual outlay of about \$25,000.

In four months that one piece of copy has thus earned \$66,466 *more for the Advertiser* than the \$1.25 kind of Copy used immediately before it had produced from the same investment.

And, what *made* it pull *Inquiries*, by *Mail* is precisely what *would make* it produce *Inquiries verbally* for the goods, through Retailers, by the use of Lord & Thomas' "reason why" and *Conviction* in the Copy.

This, Mr. Advertiser, is only *one* of many actual instances that we *can prove up* to Advertisers who agree to place their appropriations through us provided *we do* thus *prove up* our capacity to increase Results, with their present appropriations.

Other Advertising Agents will belittle this statement because they *do not know* what we do about comparative Results from actual Tests on Copy, such as we have made.

They cannot *know* what our "Salesmanship-on-Paper" is capable of doing. Because they have never had the equipment to *produce* it, nor the organization to record and compare *Results* from it with "General Publicity" results, in such a way as to provide a reliable guide for the writing of future Copy.

Moreover, it is not *their* money that pays for the *space* they fill with "General Publicity,"—the "\$14.20" kind of Copy.

They risk nothing in any case. Their commission is just as *safe* when they fill *your* space with cheap and catchy "General Publicity" as it would be if they filled it with that reliable "Salesmanship-on-Paper" which produces *results* for "41 cents" as against \$14.20.

But,—how can *you* hope to compete when using such "\$14.20" copy against your competitor who may pit our "41 cent" kind of copy against you?

Not *one* Advertising Agency in America pays a third what *we* do (viz.—\$72,000 per year in Salaries) for a capable Copy-Staff.

Not three, in America, pay individually a *fifth* of what *we* pay for Copy.

Three-fourths of what other Agencies spend for "Service" is paid to able *Solicitors* who simply *sell you* *Space* but cannot help you to fill that space with the *Kind* of Copy that brings you back large *profit*.

Not a *fifth* of what other Agencies pay for "Service" is invested in the *Copy*, which alone determines how *profitable* or unprofitable that space be made for *you*.

The Advertising world is waking up to this fact, Mr. Advertiser, and don't forget that it is *we*,—Lord & Thomas—who are doing the awakening.

Could *we* afford to raise this disturbing question, on the tremendous importance of "Copy," if *we* were not the best equipped Advertising Concern in America to *produce* the kind we are talking about, for Clients who want it?

We have cited a Mail Order proposition in this article simply because it provided a simple example of *traceable results* on *one* kind of Test.

But, we have proved that what makes Copy *sell goods by Mail* makes it *sell* them, in equal ratio, through Retailers, *over the counter* by General Advertising.

Our article "Making Sure of Results from General Advertising" in another June Magazine explains this phase of the subject clearly.

Write us *today* for our "Book of Tests on Advertising." It is free to General Advertisers, and to Mail Order Advertisers. Its price to all *others* is \$5.00 cash with order.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America.

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

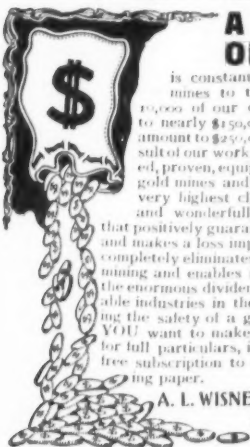
Spencer Trask & Co.
BANKERS.INVESTMENT CIRCULAR
MAILED UPON REQUEST.Commission Orders Executed Upon
The New York Stock Exchange.William & Pine Sts., New York.
Branch Office, Albany, N. Y.

PATENTS that PROTECT

72 p., Book No. 6 Mailed
Free. Established 1869.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOLDFIELD—BULL FROG

Are you interested in the great gold camps of Nevada? Mr. W. W. Degge, President of The Wellington Association, who has just written "Success, How To Attain It," is now in Goldfield and Bull Frog investigating those camps for the purpose of publishing a beautifully illustrated book of same. The Association will be pleased to send a copy free while they last. Just write on a postal, "Goldfield—Bull Frog," we will send the book. The Wellington Association, Boulder, Colo.

A STREAM
OF GOLD

is constantly flowing from our mines to the pockets of nearly every one of our clients. It amounted to nearly \$150,000 in 1904; it should amount to \$250,000 in 1905. It is the result of our work of operating developed, proven, equipped, dividend-paying gold mines and oil properties of the very highest class, on a safe, sound and wonderfully successful system that positively guarantees immense profits and makes a loss impossible. Our system completely eliminates the risks of ordinary mining and enables investors to share in the enormous dividends of the most profitable industries in the world, while enjoying the safety of a government bond. If YOU want to make money write to-day for full particulars, including six months' free subscription to our illustrated mining paper.

A. L. WISNER & CO., Bankers,
32 Broadway,
New York.

He was 57; looked about 40, despite daily business cares and responsibilities innumerable, about which he refused to worry.

Why?

The future of his family was made secure, his old age provided for by a policy in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philada.

HAVE A SMILE WITH ME

Three good comic magazines, full of fun and merriment, sample copies. Send ten cents in stamps to the Judge Company, 225 Fourth Ave., New York. You will be agreeably surprised.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

AFTER ALL the denials of ill-feeling between the Hill and Harriman interests, the astonishing statement is now publicly made that an harmonious understanding between the parties has been reached, after frequent and prolonged conferences. Does any one doubt the correctness of my conjecture that the rise in Union Pacific had its origin in the bitterness felt toward Mr. Harriman, its controlling power, by Hill and Morgan? When the true story of this rise, so sudden, unexpected—I will not say unwarranted—is told, it will give us one of the most sensational chapters of Wall Street's history.

That Harriman has been humiliated is beyond question. Mr. Hill did not hesitate to drop him from the directorates of the foremost companies when the time came to do so, although a feeble attempt to cover up the transaction was made by financial writers, who gave the explanation that it would have been illegal to have retained Mr. Harriman in the directorates of competing corporations. I have no doubt that the noisy disturbance over the Equitable originated with the same powerful Morgan-Hill influences, and that it was intended to hurt Harriman more than the Equitable; and it did hurt him because the allegation was made that the Equitable was favoring Mr. Harriman's financial operations—though I have been unable, thus far, to find anything reprehensible in this, for the Equitable's statement shows that it has loaned its funds on as good securities as any other of the great life-insurance organizations.

I am not surprised that Mr. Harriman has had an upset. He had become quite as imperious and dictatorial as any man well could be. Mr. J. P. Morgan has always arrogated to himself the right to rule with a despotic hand, and I well remember a little incident which occurred when the late Joseph W. Drexel, a gentleman of gentlemen, was a member of Mr. Morgan's firm. Mr. Drexel happened to put his hat on Mr. Morgan's desk, on one occasion, I am told. When the great magnate of Wall Street entered his office and saw the offending tile in the wrong place, he swept it to the floor with his hand, without a word of explanation or apology. I was not surprised that Mr. Drexel's withdrawal from the firm was announced, as it subsequently was. Mr. Harriman, having sprung from littleness to greatness in the railroad world, concluded that he, too, could be a czar in Wall Street. He did not ask for advice from his directors or stockholders. Their advice or consent did not concern him, and he made no effort to conceal that that was his opinion and that whatever he wanted must be done. Wall Street is not big

enough to hold two bosses, and Mr. Morgan decided, when Mr. Harriman butted into the Northern Pacific combination that had been made with Mr. Hill, that Harriman must be taught a lesson, and it looks as if it had been taught. It is announced that he is about to go to Europe on a prolonged vacation.

Harriman really is a great man, one of the few powerful intellects that Wall Street has produced, but greatness is not always incompatible with "the big head," and he got the disease pretty badly a year or so ago. In the school of experience he has been taught the same lesson that many other able men have had to learn, and, profiting by his experience, he will no doubt be abler and more successful than ever.

Everybody is asking: What is the matter with the stock market? I long since told my readers that, in the exuberance of their delight over the constant advance in prices, they must not overlook the fact that whatever goes up must also come down. Things have been going up so long and so persistently that prices have been put on a fictitious basis. When railroad stocks pay less in dividends on the investment than one can get for his money in a savings bank or in the open market, it is always time to sell and wait for the inevitable reaction. The condition of the money market, financial writers to the contrary notwithstanding, is not altogether settled. Recently the bank statement suddenly disclosed such a loss in reserves that the latter were almost wiped out, and no one seemed able to explain the unexpected situation. Gold exports are not impossible, and the failure of an occasional trust company, bank, and broker, indicates an uneasy and unsettled condition.

At such a time, conservative investors and bankers look more closely at their collateral and discriminate more sharply against that which has not intrinsic merit. The crop outlook is far from being assured, and the popular tendency, manifesting itself so decidedly against corporate power, is an augury of evil which the latter greatly fears. It is no secret that the outcome of the extra session of Congress is regarded with much anxiety, and that an effort will be made to obviate the necessity for the call, and to this end influences are now being brought to bear on the President. The dissolution of the Steel Rail combination, just announced, is extremely significant. It indicates that the warfare on the trusts by the Federal authorities is regarded as a most serious menace to their continuance. Some of the wealthiest investors in Wall Street are so seriously concerned over these disturbing signs of the times that they are selling their securities, especially those of a speculative nature, and preparing for an approaching storm. It may not come till fall.

"W." Chicago: The vicissitudes of United Box Board have been continuous almost since its organization. Apparently the stock is about as low as it can go, unless it passes again through a period of reorganization. There is little hope of dividends under existing conditions. Yet it might not be wise to sacrifice it at a loss after the tremendous hammering it has had. The heavy holders of it some day may seek to influence a higher market to enable them to unload.

Continued on page 549.

Tour to the Canadian Rockies,

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, AND
YELLOWSTONE PARK.VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT CONVENTION
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

ROUND—\$215—TRIP.

ON account of the convention of the American Medical Association, to be held in Portland, Ore., July 11th to 14th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour, visiting the beautiful resorts in the Canadian Rockies, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, allowing four days in the latter city for attending the sessions of the convention and for visiting the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and five and one-half days in the Yellowstone Park, a full and complete tour of that wonderland. Tickets covering every necessary expense en route, except hotel accommodations in Portland, will be sold at the very low rate of \$215 from all stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, except Pittsburgh, from which the rate will be \$210. A special train of high-grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Pittsburgh, Monday, July 31. The route will be via Chicago and St. Paul to Banff Hot Springs, Laggan, and Glacier, in the Canadian Rockies, thence to the Pacific Coast. Returning, the route will lie through the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, to the Yellowstone Park, and thence via Billings and Omaha to Chicago, reaching New York on July 26th. For further information consult Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agents. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.
MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDER, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLNEY, Le Roy, N. Y. [Mention this paper.]

SOLE of COMFORT

Free yourself from foot torments by putting your feet into
WORTH CUSHION SOLE SHOES
The Cushion in sole while supporting the foot firmly, provides for an equal distribution of pressure at every point, so that no part of the foot's tender skin is brought into bruising contact with hard leather, and so, effectively preventing corns, bunions and callouses. Your feet will be so softly cushioned that, alike on cobblestones or asphalt, you will walk with a light springy step that prevents jars and makes walking a delight.
More information in our catalogue. Send for it to-day.
THE CUMMINGS COMPANY
406 Washington St.
Boston, Mass.

Learn by mail to Mount Birds and animals. Delightful work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned in spare time. Fascinating, profitable. Adorn homes, den, office with beautiful specimens. Thousands of successful students. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our new catalog Absolutely Free. Write for one to-day. The N. W. School of Taxidermy, 111 Street, Omaha, Neb.

Five Miles at Sea
LONG BEACH,
LONG ISLANDNEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR RESORT SEASON OPENS
IN JUNELong Beach Hotel
and CottagesImproved Railroad Accommodations. Express trains
45 minutes from New York City. Three Wall
Street annex steamboats this season.

Finest Beach and Bathing near New York

A. E. DICK, Manager
Long Beach, L. I.New York address, Hotel Sterling,
210 West 54th St. Tel. 2356 Columbus.New
Summit Spring
Hotel

AT CELEBRATED

Poland, Maine

This modern and perfectly appointed Hotel will be opened June 24 by the Manager of HOTEL SOMERSET, Boston's leading Hotel and centre of fashion. High class service and cuisine. Superior accommodations. 1100 feet elevation. Superb climate. Magnificent scenery. Golf, Tennis, Riding, Fishing, and all forms of outdoor recreation.

World Renowned Spring Water

For reservations, Booklet, and other information, address

ALFRED S. AMER, Manager,
Hotel Somerset, Boston.Or Mr. C. WIN PERKINS, New York Office,
3 Park Pl. Phone, 6050 Cortlandt. Evenings,
Hotel Victoria, N. Y. C., or by appointment.

GINSENG

Detailed advice and special instructions regarding its culture. It will pay you to investigate our practical and common sense methods. We supply choicest American roots and seeds at most reasonable prices, help you towards successful cultivation, and pay you highest market price for your dry roots. Send stamp for illustrated booklet "H." North American Ginseng Co., Station C, Louisville, Ky.

IF YOU WISH TO KEEP POSTED
ON THE MARKET IN THE
TONOPAH, GOLDFIELD
AND
BULLFROG DISTRICTS

Write to D. G. DOUBLEDAY, Banker and Broker, 329 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal., for his Market Sheet, showing actual transactions in these stocks. In this way you can get the market values of the different stocks from day to day, and distinguish the good and active stocks from those which are inactive, and in which there is no trading. Write to-day. The sheet is free, either daily or weekly. Also write for Market Letter. I handle only the good stocks.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

Continued from page 548.

"G." Middletown, Conn.: I have never visited the properties and only know what is said about them by their promoters. They are not listed in Wall Street.

"Ajax": 1. The range has been from 81 to 85. They are reasonably safe. 2. The San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4s, guaranteed principal and interest by the Southern Pacific, ought to have merit.

"R." Rochester, N. Y.: The Rosecrans Gold Mining Company does not in any sense commend itself to me. Its capital of \$2,500,000 looks very much inflated. I certainly do not advise its purchase.

"T." Colorado: 1. Most financial writers seem to be influenced in one direction or the other. 2. A good crop outlook, with no unexpected setback in other directions, might enable the bull crowd still to have a brief innings before fall.

"G." Lewistown, Penn.: The bonds of the Central Bank of Mexico are not gilt-edged, because there is always fear that something may happen in that country to imperil its credit and that of its financial institutions, though that danger is becoming more remote.

"Copper": I agree with you that the preferred stockholders of American Malt are placed under a disadvantage, as compared with the common, by the peculiar proposition of President Jenkins, and I doubt if many of the preferred stockholders will accept it.

"S." Hagerstown, Md.: 1. Distillers Securities, if assured of its dividends, would look cheap at prevailing prices. I do not like the speculative element in control. 2. Wis. Central preferred has a greater element of permanency because of the value of the road and the excellent earnings it reports.

"Frances": 1. I would not sacrifice my Atchison at a loss, but would even up if it has a still more severe slump. Paying its dividends, it will carry itself until you may have a chance to get out safely. 2. Ditto with Erie, though the latter is not a dividend-payer, and is therefore a little more risky.

"S." Elizabeth: 1. Watson & Alpers, 55 Broadway, are members of the Consolidated Exchange, in good standing. 2. In a liquidating market purchases on each decline usually yield a slight profit.

but it is not well to wait too long. I look for a further liquidating tendency with intervals of higher prices.

"L." New York: 1. This is not a market in which I would advise any one to buy stocks on a ten point margin. A prudent course will hardly justify dividends on American Ice stock until a fair working capital has been secured. 2. Spencer Trask & Co., William and Pine streets, and Edey, Sanderson & Co., 2 Wall Street.

"W." Milwaukee: Obviously, I could not give you a decision on the matter. On its face it is all right, as a business proposition, but I would want to be absolutely sure that all my facts were facts, and nothing else. There is always great risk and hardship in mining operations in an unsettled, distant, and disturbed country like Siberia.

"R." Brooklyn: United Copper has a very heavy capitalization—\$75,000,000 common, par \$100, and \$5,000,000 preferred. Its reports are meagre and a speculative element seems to be in control. No one knows what price they may make on the stock or when they may be unloading. It is too much of a gamble for me to advise, therefore.

"S. E. M.": 1. I would not advise getting into the market until it has a more settled aspect. 2. The reports of National Enameling look favorable, but the stock is heavily capitalized, and dividends are not permanently assured. 3. Texas Pacific and St. Louis Southwestern preferred, on reactions, are attractive. 4. Very shortly, I am told. It depends on the summer's earnings.

"Subscriber." Honesdale, Penn.: Unless the growing tension among some of the great railway magnates should be lessened, there is danger that rates will be cut and railroad overbuilt within the next two or three years. Mo. P. has not yet proved itself a permanent dividend-payer, and on its recent reports it is paying as much as it should to its stockholders. I doubt if more can be expected in the near future.

"P." Wilkesburg, Penn.: 1. At such a time it would be safer to keep your money in a savings bank and wait for a still lower range of prices, and then, if you want a gilt-edged investment, buy a first-class, first-mortgage bond. 2. Monongahela Coal and Coke Co.'s first-mortgage 6s are not gilt-edged, but have merit. Municipal bonds are, of course, much safer. I mean the bonds of first-class cities like New York and Boston.

"C." Galveston, Tex.: 1. I would have nothing to do with the five-cent mining stock offered you. 2. Most of the mining publications to which you refer are issued mainly for the purpose of booming speculation in mining properties. 3. Toledo St. Louis and Western 4s are more than earning their interest and look as cheap as any bond of their class. 4. You are entitled to a dividend on stocks purchased by you up to the time when they sell ex-dividend. 5. I can recommend none at present.

"B." Georgia: Tenn. Coal and Iron is a very valuable property and ought to be able, under existing business conditions, to pay liberal dividends. It is in the control of strong parties, and some day, under a working arrangement with the Steel Trust, or by a combination with it, or with other Southern iron interests, may put itself in a much stronger position. On any decided slump, if you can afford to cover, I would do so, but I would close out at any time when I could without loss, because this is not a bull year.

"F." Troy, N. Y.: 1. The proposition to reorganize American Malt aroused very little interest, and apparently had small support, perhaps because it made no provision for the cumulative dividends in arrears. The American Ice Company took care of its dividends at an issue of bonds. Few transactions have occurred in Malt preferred since the proposed plan was sent out, and the latter had some appearance of a put-up job to reduce the price of the stock. If you have a profit, however, it might be wise to take it. There would certainly be less risk in doing so than by staying in the market. 2. J. S. Bache & Co. stand well.

"S." New York: 1. There is little question that, because of increasing dullness in trade, there is increasing competition between the electrical companies. Ultimately the stocks of these companies will sell lower, unless the business outlook improves. 2. Consolidated Gas at 175, North American at 85, Greene Copper at 20, R. R. Steel Spring at 25, and Texas Pacific at 25 would look safe for a turn. 3. I would not advise the purchase of stocks on a scale down at this time, with an expectation of winning out at the end of the year. The present outlook is for tighter money and harder times in the fall, but of course the crop outlook may alter the situation.

"A." Pennsylvania: I never would sell in a panicky market if I could maintain my position until the clouds rolled by. I still believe that the powerful speculative contingent in control of Metropolitan will do their level best to put the stock higher whenever an opportunity presents, and it may come either through a local traction combination or through the securing of a valuable subway contract. Allis-Chalmers is getting to be a strong competitor in the electrical field and, if industrial conditions continue favorable, ought to do better. The fate of Metropolitan Securities is linked with that of Metropolitan. Sugar is a gamble, and in the hands of gamblers, in my judgment. Chicago Traction cannot be confiscated, and the Morgan interests, it is said, are buying what people are selling at a sacrifice.

"J." Ottawa: 1. As a rule, it is safest to buy when every one is in the mood to sell and when things look blue, but, as I have pointed out repeatedly, what goes up must go down, and after a market has enjoyed a long period of advancing prosperity it is entitled to a season of liquidation. The prolongation of it will depend on financial and commercial conditions and the crop outlook. 2. Usually a reduction in the price of gas adds to the consumption. The difficulty in Chicago is that a craze for municipal control of local utilities seems to have set in. Those crazes pass away after a time, but I cannot predict with safety what will happen in such a city as Chicago. 3. The fact that the drop in Corn Products preferred came so suddenly, and was followed by the admission that the company was engaged in a bitter cutthroat fight with its chief competitor, led to the conclusion that the speculative element in the company was not averse to lower prices. Whenever the competitors come to an agreement, earnings will again make a better showing. I would not sacrifice my stock at a loss. It is seven per cent. cumulative and, properly managed, the business is remunerative. 4. I am told that Amalgamated Copper was purchased on the recent decline by inside interests. They certainly are advising their friends that the stock is not dear, and that dividends will be increased. At the same time, the drooping tendency in the copper market must not be forgotten.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1905.

JASPER.

By buying Pluma treasury stock you are not gambling, but investing in a certainty, for the Pluma is a proved mine, not a prospect, and only needs machinery to begin producing gold. Stock is being sold to get this machinery. The mine is actually in the middle of the greatest gold mine in the world—the Homestake—and so has no problems to solve.

Write for prospectus, maps, etc., to the Pluma Mining Co., 200 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

Piso's Cure will cure your cough, relieve soreness of the lungs, and help difficult breathing.

SOHMER & Co., the great Piano firm, can point with pride to the magnificent endorsement their instruments have received at the hands of the best native and foreign musical artists.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE FACT that 5,000,000 persons took out life-insurance policies in this country last year speaks well for the foresight and devotion to family of a large proportion of the men of America. It also indicates a widespread confidence in the stability and methods of the better class of insurance companies. That this feeling is well founded is proved by the verified statement that these organizations paid to their beneficiaries nearly \$1,000,000 per day during the whole of 1904. This big daily sum doubtless carried to many places financial aid that was most welcome, often relieving cases of absolute want. In view of such a stream of actual beneficence, it is to be regretted that even more men did not make it accessible to their dependents. While the number of those insured during the past year was large, it should by rights have been much larger, considering the population of the United States. The list of new policy-holders would have been greatly increased had fewer individuals shirked their plain duty to their wives and children. How inexcusable, usually, is the failure of the head of a family to insure his life is realized when it is stated that the small sum of \$2.50 a month will carry a policy for \$1,000 in the case of the average man. A little retrenchment in the matter of unnecessary expenditures would enable hosts of men to provide reasonably well for their families in event of their own death. The current year should show a very marked lengthening of the list of holders of life-insurance policies in the United States.

"H." Wheeling, W. Va.: The scheme of giving stock to policy-holders is not new. It has been proposed before, and does not commend itself to me. You would be much better satisfied if you would strip your life-insurance proposition of every speculative element and put it solely on an investment basis. I would take a policy in the strongest and best company I could find, and not try experiments with it.

"S." Philadelphia: Results must of course be measured in life insurance not by the past or even by the present, but by what the future assures. Rates of interest in the West and Northwest are now on the same level as the low rates in the East. They were formerly much higher, and financial corporations in those days in the West reaped a much better income than Eastern corporations. All the companies to which you refer, including the Northwestern Mutual, are among the best.

The Hermit.

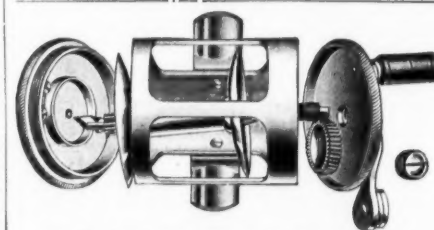
Old and Celebrated Bath and Air Cure of the First Class

25 minutes from Frankfurt a. M. Springs rich with Carbonic Acid, Table Salt and Water Iron.

Strongest Natural Baths

BAD HOMBURG
vor der Höhe

Drink and Bath Cure Stomach and Intestines, Gout, Obesity, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Anemia, Neurasthenia. Prospectus with cost of cure on application.



"SIMPLEX" REEL
Patented July 5, 1904.

MEEK REELS
for all fishing from Trout to Tuna
The World's Standard for Quality

Send for complete catalogue I.

B. F. MEEK & SONS, Inc.
Louisville, Ky.

Sole Manufacturers of genuine Meek and Blue Grass Kentucky Reels
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



Where Shall I Go This Summer?

¶ You are asking yourself this question and probably you will welcome suggestions. ¶ There are more than one hundred delightful resorts in Wisconsin—each delightful in its own way. ¶ No difference whether you want to spend your vacation at a fashionable watering place or want to get out into the Wild, close to Nature, where, with the smell of the pines in your nostrils and the music of running water in your ears, you can battle with the trout and muskallonge—no difference what you want in the way of an outing, you will find it in Wisconsin. ¶ The Summer Book of 1905, beautifully illustrated, is fully descriptive of the Wisconsin resorts. Fill out and send in the attached coupon and you will receive the Summer Book of 1905, Free, postage paid.

J. C. POND,
Gen. Pass. Agent,
Wisconsin Central Ry.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mail me, at your expense, the Summer Book of 1905, descriptive of Wisconsin's Summer Resorts.

Name.....
Address.....
Form No.

EGYPTIAN DEODORIZER AND GERM KILLER

REFINED and perfected preparation in convenient form. Destroys all bad odors, fumigating and purifying the air like a pleasant perfume.

Kills Moths
mosquitoes, and other insect life. Prevents disease by annihilating dangerous germs. Sixteen pastils in a box, with metal holder, by mail, postpaid, 25 cents.

PAUL MANUFACTURING CO.
48 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

FREE TRIP TO COLORADO
for particulars write
W. H. COMBS & CO., Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.

A Clear Complexion

To clear the skin of pimples, moth patches and other defects, use **Glenn's Sulphur Soap** daily for toilet purposes. It's the only fine toilet soap that contains enough pure sulphur to be a specific for skin diseases.

See a cake at drug stores, or mailed for 30c, by THE C. S. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

The World's Best Experts Pronounce It The Best.

I.W. HARPER RYE
ON EVERY TONGUE

Gold Medals
Chicago 1893 New Orleans 1885 Paris 1900

Grand Prize Highest Award
St. Louis World's Fair



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Emperor's Garden Party.

Continued from page 346.

vilely, and I wanted to see. I have seen him sitting in a carriage, and I was particularly impressed with the squareness of his shoulders and the sterness of his Mephistophelian countenance, but I can imagine certain peculiarities in a man's legs robbing him of all the dignity that a hundred generations of heaven-born ancestors might bestow upon his head and shoulders, so I was sorry his Majesty did not appear. The crown prince did not even send his regrets, as did his Majesty; but it was not his garden party, so he was not altogether expected. The little Empress was all alone, and as she walked through the garden, inclining her stately little head, she won gentle thoughts with every step she took.

Behind her walked some imperial princesses and ladies in waiting in foreign costumes that one must, in simple courtesy, refrain from describing. As soon as the imperial party had passed the diplomatic corps his Excellency, Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, offered his arm to the *doyenne* of this body, the Baroness d'Anethan, wife of the German ambassador, and the Baron d'Anethan followed with the Marchioness Oyama. Then followed Marquis Ito, Count Matsugata, Count Katsura, the premier; General Terauchi, Minister of War, and Baron Yamamoto, Secretary of the Navy, with other ladies of the diplomatic circle. Everybody then fell in line and followed the imperial cortège around the lake and across a little bridge to where a great many tables were set upon the lawn for refreshments. Her Majesty entered a little pavilion with her suite, and as soon as she was seated everybody went foraging for wine and *paté de fois gras*. Both were of excellent quality, as were the cold meats, the ices, and other dainties, and after a pleasant hour with friends and acquaintances we were all quite ready to make a final bow to her Majesty as she passed outward.

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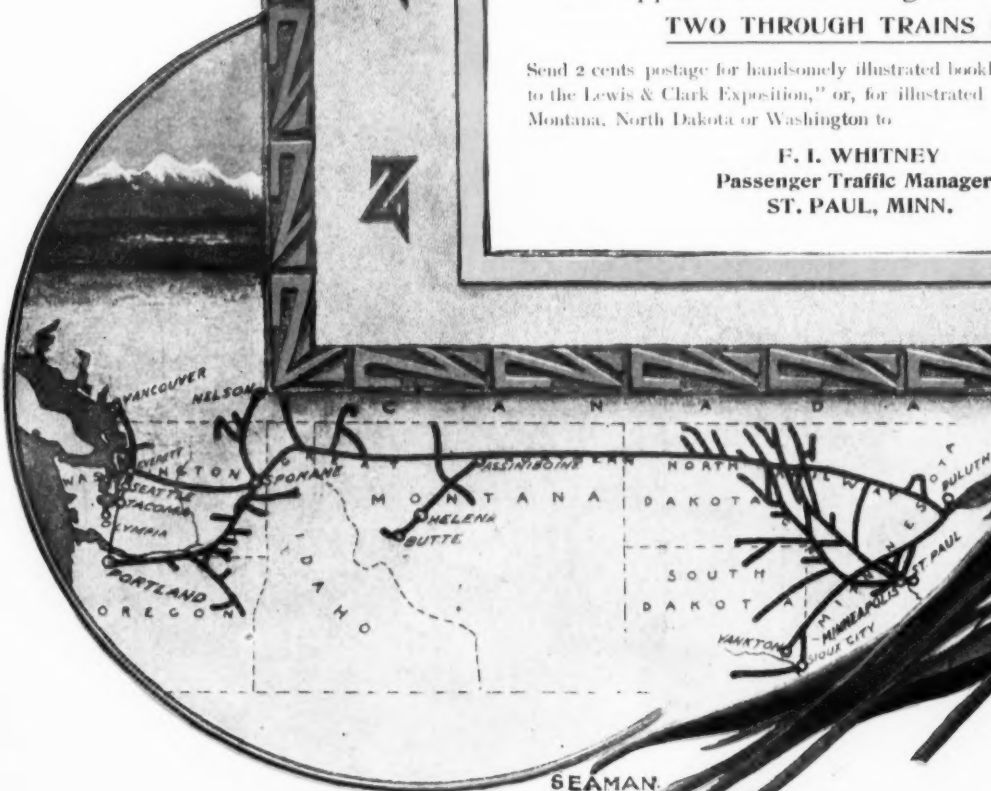
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